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THE MEETING AT THE GATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JULIA EUGENIA MOTT.

Day lighteth her own funereal pyre;
Luridly burneth the sun's low fire,
Gilding the top of the old church spire,
Crowning the mountain height.
Westward the clouds rise sharp and bold,
Gone are the sad hues, dull and cold;
Purple, crimson, silver and gold
Gleam on the dazzled sight.

I look from the hill-top bleak and gray,
Down where the river winds away,
Down where the golden sunshine lay,
Half an hour ago;
Willows droop to the very brink,
Deepening shadows rise and sink—
Shadowy willows rise and sink
Amid the waves below.

From hence I follow with longing eyes
The road which across the valley lies,
Leading where hills in the silence rise
Darkly against the sky.
Blossoming orchards lie between
Sloping meadows of richest green;
I shall look on no fairer sight, I ween,
While summer's days go by.

Calm, as if never a storm arose,
As careless of every wind that blows,
The village, lying in deep repose
Beyond the bridge, I see.
Its low-roofed cottages whitely shine;
That, where the clustering eglantine
O'ershadows windows and porch, is *mine*,
And some one waits for me.

Some one who stands by the wicket gate,
Wondering wherefore I come so late;
Ah, she will not have long to wait,
This wife of not a year.
Home and *Mary*—the words are sweet;
A quickened heart-pulse and willing feet
Go through the gloaming, up the street;
Does she guess I am so near?

Over the fence at a single leap—
Stirring the dew-drops where they sleep,
Softly up to her side I creep;
There must be no alarms!
"Darling, you are not over wise."
One startled glance from the loving eyes—
One hasty gesture of glad surprise—
Mary is in my arms!

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

THE WARNING. THE WALK TO HALLAM.

Nothing could be heard of George Heneage. The police scoured the country; handbills were printed, offering a reward for his apprehension; no effort was left untried, but he was not found. Opinions were freely bandied about: some said he must have escaped in the fog, and got off by a friendly railway; others that he had waited quietly till morning and then departed leisurely, in disguise, in woman's clothes, or a laborer's attire; and a few suggested that he had not gone at all, but was lying concealed in it yet. The first opinion was the more probable one, people said; while the surmise of his adopting woman's clothes was laughed at; a man of Mr. Heneage's height, so attired, would be followed in the highway as a giantess. Mr. Edwin Barley was in great anger at his escape, and swore that he would pursue him to the death.

Mr. Heneage's father came to the house, a fine old gentleman with white hair. Though Mr. Lowe corrected me for calling him old, and said he could not be much more than fifty, I had not then the experience to know that while young persons call fifty old, those approaching that age are apt to style it young. He was a courteous, gentlemanly man, but seemed bowed down with grief; he said he could not understand it, or what motives could have actuated his son; he would not believe in his guilt, and protested that the gun must have gone off by accident.

"Then why should he run away?" argued Mr. Edwin Barley.

The coroner's inquest sat, and returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against George Heneage. The chief witness was Mr. Edwin Barley. I was not called upon, and my aunt Selina said it was a proof that he had not mentioned I was present at the murder. You may be sure *I* took care not to mention it; neither did she. Nothing transpired touching the encounter at the summer-house; therefore the affair appeared to the public involved in mystery; Mr. Edwin Barley protested that it was a mystery to him. Mr. Edwin Barley testified that Philip King, in dying, had asserted he saw George Heneage take aim and fire at him; I knew Philip King had not said so. But no one else knew it, save my aunt Selina; and she only from me. They did not call upon her to appear at the inquest; had they done so, it must have been adjourned, for she could not leave her bed; she persisted that she was unable to give any positive testimony upon the subject, and the people in authority knew no cause why they should disbelieve her, therefore she was left in peace. Before George Heneage's father departed, he had an interview with her in her bedroom, and to me it seemed to last a long while.

The inquest was held in the house, on the Tuesday; there was no public house near, sufficiently commodious. It began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the house was like a fair. Policemen, doctors, the coroner and jury, with incidental persons coming and going as they pleased. The servants stood about, peeping and listening; I did the same; now and then one would come out of the dining-room, where they had assembled, and tell us scraps of news. Now it would be that the surgeons were giving evidence; now, that Mr. Edwin Barley was under examination; once Charlotte Delves was summoned before them, because Philip King had sat with her in her parlor for half an hour the morning of his death; but she proved that he had not touched upon any point of dispute, or spoken of George Heneage. Nothing satisfactory or certain could be gleaned, save from the testimony of Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Child," cried my aunt Selina, "is not that inquest over?"

"Not yet, aunt," I answered.

I had wandered into her room when evening was drawing on, and she put the question.

"What was that stir I heard a minute or two ago?"

"They called from the dining-room to have the lamps lighted. John went in and did it."

"Is it dark, Anne?"

"Not dark. It is getting dusk."

Dark it appeared to be in my aunt's chamber, for the crimson curtains were drawn before the large, deep bay window, and also partially round the bed. You could distinguish the outline of objects within it, and that was all. I went close up to the bed and looked at her; she was buried in the pillows; that she was very ill I knew, for a physician from Nettleby had come that morning with Mr. Lowe.

"How is it turning?" she presently asked.

"Turning?" I repeated, not comprehending.

"Down stairs in the inquest room: who is it going against?"

"Who should it go against, aunt, but Mr. Heneage?"

"Listen, Anne! It must be over, for they are coming out!" she exclaimed, moving restlessly.

I descended the stairs half-way, and stopped to look. Sure enough, they were pouring out of the room, a great crowd of dark figures, talking as they came, and slowly making for the hall-door. Suddenly I distinguished Mr. Edwin Barley, and he appeared to be coming towards the stairs.

To his study, as I thought, and away went I, not caring where, so that I did not encounter him. Added to my childish dislike and fear of Mr. Edwin Barley, since Saturday night another impulse to avoid him had been added: a dread which I could not divest myself of, lest he should seize upon me and question what had taken me into the wood. My aunt had ordered me not to tell; but, if he did question me, what could I do? I know that the fear was upon me then, and for a long time afterwards.

I crept swiftly back again up the stairs, and into my aunt's room. Surely he was not coming to it! Those were his footsteps, and they drew nearer and nearer: he could not have turned into his study! No, they came on. In the impulse of the moment, I pushed behind the heavy window curtain. It was drawn straight across from wall to wall, leaving a space between it and the bow of the window, nearly as large as a small room.—There were three chairs there, in the middle of the window and at the two sides. I sat down on one of them, and, pulling the white blind slightly aside, looked out at the dark figures who were then sauntering down the avenue.

"Well, it's over," said Mr. Edwin Barley, as he came in and shut the door. "And now all the work will be to find him."

"How has it ended?" asked Mrs. Edwin.

"Wilful murder. The coroner was about to clear the room, but the jury intimated that they required no deliberation, and returned their verdict at once."

"Wilful murder against whom?" she returned, in a tone of impatience.

"Against George Heneage. Did you suppose it was against you or me?"

"Perhaps it might have been: and with more justice."

I could see him, between the opening of the curtains, scowl his eyebrows together at his wife.

"Come," he said, "this is not the first incomprehensible insinuation you have given forth; so we will have it out, if you please. Who do *you* suppose committed the crime, Mrs. Barley?"

"I think it as likely to have been you as he."

An ominous pause. I began to shake as I sat.

"You wicked woman!"

"I cannot believe, and I never will believe that George Heneage was of a nature to commit murder," she resumed, speaking as distinctly as her inflamed throat would permit her. "If the shot did come from his gun, I know it must have been fired inadvertently."

"The shot did come from his gun: there's no 'if' in the question."

"I am aware you say so. But—it was passing strange that you, also with your gun, should have been upon the exact spot. Now stay, don't put yourself in a passion, but listen to me for a moment; I would only bring before your notice facts; facts, Mr. Barley; and you cannot beat me for them; you cannot beat a woman, and a sick one. You were there, I repeat, with your gun; George Heneage may have been; he may have fired on him; but there is only your word to prove that Philip King said it; you were bitterly incensed against George Heneage, and—"

"Why was I incensed? Had I not cause?"

"No, you had not. There was no cause, no real cause: I declare it," she added in agitation, "before my Creator."

"*Real* cause!" he repeated, in a tone of scorn. "No: had I admitted a thought that there was what you call real cause, I would have beaten him to death at the first dawn of suspicion. But now, hear me, Selina," he continued in a different manner, dragging a chair forward and seating himself in it, "it has been your pleasure to declare so much to me: I declare, nay, I swear to you, that Heneage, and Heneage only, killed Philip King. Dispossess your mind of this dark folly; you must have been insane ever to take it up: I am your husband."

"Did you see Heneage fire?" she asked, after a silence.

"No. I should have known pretty surely that it could only be Heneage, had there been no proof against him; but there were Philip's dying words. Still, I did not see Heneage at the place, and I have never said I did. I was pushing home through the wood, and halted a second, thinking I heard voices: at that very moment a shot was fired close to me, close, mind you; not two yards off, but the trees are thick just there; and whoever fired it was hid from my view. I was turning to search, when Philip King's awful scream rang out, and I pushed my head beyond the trees and saw him in the act of falling to the ground. I hastened to him, and the other escaped—all ill luck be to him! This is the entire truth, so help me heaven!"

It might have been the truth; and, again, it might not. It was just one of those things that must depend upon the credulity of the utterer. What little corroboration there was, certainly was on Mr. Edwin Barley's side: *only* that he had asserted more than was true of the dying words of Philip King. If these were the simple facts, the truth, why have added falsehood to them?

"Heneage could have had no motive to take the life of Philip King," resumed Mrs. Edwin Barley. "That he would have horsewhipped him, or given him a sound chastisement, I grant you—and richly he deserved it, for he was the cause of all the ill feeling that had arisen in the house—but, to kill him! No, no!" she shuddered.

"And yet you would deem me capable of it!"

"You are the only one to benefit by his death," she said, in a faint tone.

"Shame upon you, Selina!"

She lay without speaking for a minute.

"I am not accusing you. But when you come to speak of motives, I cannot help seeing that George Heneage had none, compared with you."

"Selina, this will never do," he said. "It will not do for husband and wife to live on, the one believing, or even doubting, that the other has been guilty of a revolting crime. Were it any but you who dare assume this doubt, I should know how to deal with them: with you, I condescend to refutation and to reason. Your words would point to Philip's property: let me tell you, I should have come into that soon enough, without killing him for it; for, that he was fast hastening after Reginald, I am as convinced as I am of my own existence. No, thank God! I have had no hand in poor Philip's death, and I can follow him to his grave with a clear conscience."

She made no reply; only sighed heavily.

"You have just observed that the author of the mischief, the bad feeling, which had sprung up in the house was Philip King; but you are wrong. The author was you, Selina."

Still no answer. She put up one of her hot hands, and shaded her eyes.

"I forgive you," he continued. "I am willing to bury the past in silence; never to recur to it, never henceforth to allude to it: but I would recommend that this tragical ending should be a warning to you for the future. I will not tolerate further folly in my wife; and your own sense ought to tell you that had I been ambitious of putting somebody out of the world, it would have been Heneage, not Philip. Heneage has killed him, and upon his head be the consequences. I will never cease my endeavors to bring him to the scaffold, until it is accomplished. Are you better to-night?" he added, in a changed voice.

"Not any," she replied. And he rose, pushed back the chair, and quitted the chamber.

"Oh, aunt," I uttered, going forward with lifted hands and streaming eyes, "I was here all the time! I saw Mr. Edwin Barley coming up, and I ran in, but did not know he was coming in, and then I hid behind the curtain. I never meant to be a listener: I was afraid to come out."

She looked at me without speaking, and her face, hot with fever, grew more flushed. She seemed to be considering, perhaps remembering what had passed.

"I—I—don't think there was anything very particular said, that you need care; or, rather, that I need," she said at length. "Was there?"

"No, aunt. Only—"

"Only what, child! Why do you stop?"

"You said it might have been Mr. Edwin Barley. I wish I had not heard that."

"I said it was as likely to have been he as the other. Anne," she suddenly added, "you possess thought and sense beyond your years: what do you think?"

"Aunt, I think it was Mr. Heneage. I think so because he has run away, and because he looked so strangely when he was hiding. And I do not think it was Mr. Edwin Barley; when he told you how it occurred just now, and that it was not he, his voice sounded as though he were speaking truth."

"Oh, dear!" she moaned, "I hope it was so! What a mercy if that Philip King had never come near the house!"

"But, aunt, you are sorry that he is dead?"

"Sorry that he is dead? Of course I am sorry. What a funny child you are! He was no favorite of mine, but," she cried, passionately clasping her hands, "I would give all I am worth to call him back to life."

It was on this same evening, after that, that Mrs. Edwin Barley had the interview with Mr. Heneage's father. And then he departed.

The following morning, while I was dressing, Jemima came up, and said I was to make haste and go into my aunt's room. She was asking for me.

"Is she better, Jemima?"

"No, miss, she is a sight worse. And I know what I think now."

"What do you think?" I asked, not liking her words, though I did not know why.

"Oh, nothing; nothing for little ladies to hear."

"Jemima," I said, bursting into tears, "do you mean that she will die?"

"Well, if ever I heard the like of that!" returned Jemima, volubly. "One won't be able to open one's lips next, before you, Miss Hereford! Did I say a word about her dying, pray?—or about your dying, or my dying? My thoughts was a running upon whether we should have mourning give us for young Mr. King. Now just dry your eyes; your aunt's no more agoing to die than you are."

The first word spoken by Mrs. Edwin Barley was a contradiction to this, curious coincident as it may seem.

"Child," she began, when I entered her room, and she held out her hands to me from the bed, "I fear I am about to be taken from you."

I did not answer; I did not even cry; it was a confirmation of my secret, inward fears, and my face turned white.

"What was that you said to me about the Carews never dying without a warning? And I laughed at you! Do you remember? Anne, I think the warning came to me last night."

I glanced timidly round the room, and drew nearer.

"Oh, aunt Selina!"

"Your mamma said she had a dream, Anne. Well, *I* have had a dream. And yet, I am sure it was not a dream; no, it was reality; it was reality. She appeared to me last night."

"Who? Mamma?"

"Your mamma. The Carew superstition is, that when one is going to die, the last relative, whether near or distant, who may have been taken from them by death, comes again to give them notice that their own departure is near. Ursula was the last who went, and she came to me in the night."

"It can't be true," I sobbed, shivering to hear it.

"She stood there, in the faint rays of the shaded lamp, and beckoned to me," pursued aunt Selina, not so much as listening to me. "I have never slept all night; I have been in that semi-conscious, dozing state when the mind is awake both to dreams and to reality knowing not which is which. Just as the clock struck two I awoke, awoke thoroughly, you understand, I counted the strokes, and opened my eyes in pain and weariness, thinking morning would never come. There, at the foot of the bed, looking in at me between the curtains, was a white, shadowy form; what, I could not tell, whether human person or spirit of air; but, as the features grew upon me, I saw that they were Ursula's. The moment they became clear and distinct, the figure vanished, and I lay alone, bathed in perspiration."

I would not accept the inference, I *would not*.

"It may have been no warning that you were going to die, aunt," I burst forth between my bitter sobs.

"Yes; for the figure lifted its face in a beckoning attitude as it vanished," she replied. "It was my death-warning, Anne."

"Whatever is the matter with you, Miss Hereford?" exclaimed Charlotte Delves, who came in, carrying a cup of tea. "Are you ill?"

"She is grieving because I am ill," said my aunt. "I have been telling her that I think I shall die."

"Oh, but you must not take those low-spirited fancies into your head, Mrs. Edwin," she remonstrated. "You will be better in a day or two. A violent attack of cold, of inflammation, such as you have, must run its course; but it will yield to remedies."

"What do the doctors say to you?" was my aunt's inquiry.

"Nothing to indicate that the danger will become imminent," returned Charlotte Delves. "Will you not take the tea? Try and swallow a little."

"Is it bronchitis?" returned my aunt, who seemed to find a difficulty in speaking, "I asked Mr. Lowe—but he did not answer me."

"They call it inflammation of the throat—at least, Mr. Lowe did to me when he was speaking of it," answered Charlotte Delves. "It may mean the same. Miss Hereford, if you will go down to my parlor, you shall have breakfast.

Later that morning I was again in my aunt's room. Mr. Edwin Barley was going out as I entered it. Selina followed him with her eyes, and then beckoned to me.

"Shut the door, and bolt it," she said, in a whisper.

"Anne," she continued, as I returned from obeying her, "do you think you could find your way to Hallam?"

"I dare say I could, aunt?"

"You remember the way you came from Nettleby? To go to that, you must turn to your left, as you leave these gates; but, to go to Hallam, you must turn to the right. You have only to keep straight on in the high road, and in half an hour or less, you will enter the village."

"I am sure I could find it, aunt."

"Then put your things on, and take this note," she said, giving me a little piece of paper twisted up. "In going down Hallam street, you will see on the left hand a house standing by itself, with 'Mr. Gregg, Attorney at Law,' on a plate on the door. Go in, ask to see Mr. Gregg alone, and give him that note. But mind, Anne, you are not to speak of this to any one: should Mr. Edwin Barley or any one else meet you and inquire where you are going, say only that you are walking to look about you. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Hide the note, so that no one sees it, and give it into Mr. Gregg's hands. Tell him I hope he will comprehend it, but that I was too ill to write it more elaborately."

No one noticed me as I left the house, and I pursued the road to Hallam, my head and thoughts full. Suppose Mr. Edwin Barley *should* meet and question me! I knew that I should make a poor hand at deception. I had crushed the note inside my glove, having no better place of concealment—suppose he should seize my hand and find it! And if the gentleman I was going to see should not be at home, what was I to do then? Bring the note back to Selina, or leave it? I ought to have asked her.

"Well, my little maid, and where are you off to?"

The salutation proceeded from Mr. Martin, who had come right upon me at a turning of the road. My face grew hot as I answered him.

"I am out for a walk, sir."

"But this is rather far to come alone. You are close upon Hallam."

"My aunt Selina knows it, sir," I said, trembling lest he should stop me, or order me to walk back with him

"Oh, very well," he answered, good naturedly. "How is she to-day?"

"She is not any better, sir," I replied, and he left me, telling me I was not to lose myself.

I came to the houses, straggling at first, but soon contiguous to each other, like they are in most streets. Mr. Gregg's stood alone, its plate on the door. A young man came out of it as I stood hesitating whether to knock or ring.

"If you please, is Mr. Gregg at home?"

"Yes," answered he. "He is in the office; you can go in if you want him."

He opened an inner door, and I entered a room where there seemed to be a confused mass of faces. In reality there might have been three or four, but they multiplied themselves to my timid eyes.

"A little girl wants to see Mr. Gregg," said the young man.

A tall gentleman came forward, with a pale face and gray whiskers, and looked at me from head to foot.

"What is your business?" he asked. "I am Mr. Gregg."

"I want to see you by yourself, if you please, sir."

He led the way to another room, and I took the note out of my glove and gave it him. He read it over—to me it appeared a long one—looked at me, and then read it again.

"Are you Anne Hereford?"

"Yes," I said, wondering how he knew my name. "My aunt Selina bade me say she was too ill to write it better, but she hoped you would understand it."

"Is she so ill as to be in danger?"

"I am afraid so, sir."

He still looked at me, and twirled the note in his fingers. I could see that it was written with a pencil.

"Do you know the purport of this?" he inquired, pointing to the note.

"No, sir."

"Did you not read it coming along? It was not sealed."

"Oh, no. I did not take it out of my glove."

"Well—tell Mrs. Edwin Barley that I perfectly understand, and shall immediately obey her: tell *her* all will be ready by the time she sends to me. And—stay a bit.—Have you any Christian name besides Anne?"

"My name is Anne Ursula."

"And what was your father's? and what your mother's?"

"Papa's was Thomas, sir, and mamma's Ursula," I answered, wondering more and more.

He wrote down the names, asked a few more questions, and then showed me out at the street door, with an injunction not to forget the words of his message to Mrs. Edwin Barley, and not to mention abroad that I had been to his office.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DEATH. THE WILL.

I had another walk to Hallam. My aunt sent me again on the day before that fixed for Philip King's funeral, not with a note, but with a mysterious message. "See Mr. Gregg alone, Anne. Tell him that the funeral is fixed for eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and that he must come, and watch his time." Which message I delivered.

I watched the funeral depart, winding down the avenue on its way to the church. In the first black chariot sat the clergyman, Mr. Martin; then followed the hearse; then two mourning coaches. In the first were Mr. Barley and Mr. Edwin, and two gentlemen whom I did not know: they were the mourners; and in the other were the pall bearers.—Some men walked in hat bands, and the carriages were drawn by four horses, bearing plumes.

"Is it out of sight, Anne?"

The questioner was my aunt, for it was at her window I stood, peeping beside the blind. It had been out of sight some minutes, I told her, and must have passed the lodge.

"Then you go down stairs, Anne, and open the hall door. Stand there till Mr. Gregg comes; he will have a clerk with him: bring them up here. Do all this quietly, child."

In five minutes Mr. Gregg came, a young man accompanying him. I shut the hall door and took them to my aunt's room. They went up the stairs so quietly; just as though they would avoid being heard. She held out her hand to Mr. Gregg.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Barley?"

"They say I am better," she replied; "I hope I am. Is it quite ready?"

"Quite," said he, taking a parchment from one of his pockets. "You will hear it read?"

"Yes; that I may see whether you understood my imperfect letter. I hope it is not long. The church, you know, is not far off, and they will be back soon."

"It is quite short," he replied, having bent his ear to catch her speech, for she spoke low and imperfectly; "where shall my clerk wait while I read it?"

My aunt sent us into her dressing-room, I and he, whence we could hear Mr. Gregg's voice slowly reading something, but could not distinguish the words or sense; once I caught the name "Anne Ursula Hereford." And then we were called in again.

"Anne," said my aunt, "go down stairs and find Jemima. Bring her up here."

"Is it to give her her medicine?" asked Jemima, as she followed me up.

"I don't know," I said.

"My girl," began the attorney to Jemima, "can you be discreet, and hold your tongue?"

Jemima stared with all her eyes: first at seeing them there, next at the question. She gave no answer in her surprise, and Mrs. Edwin Barley made a sign that she should come close to her.

"Jemima, I am sure you know that I have been a good mistress to you," she proceeded, "and I ask you to render me a slight service in return. In my present state of health I have thought it necessary to make my will; to devise away the trifle of property I possess of my own. I am about to sign it, and you and Mr. Gregg's clerk will witness my signature. The service I ask of you is, that you will not speak of this to any one; that you will keep it an entire secret. I can rely upon you, can I not?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly you may," replied the servant, speaking in an earnest tone, one that said she meant to keep her word honestly.

"And my clerk I have answered to you for," put in Mr. Gregg, as he raised Mrs. Barley and placed the open parchment before her.

She signed her name, "Selina Barley;" the clerk signed his, "William Dixon;" and Jemima hers, "Jemima Lea." Mr. Gregg remarked that Jemima's writing *might* be read, and it was as much as could be said of it. She went down again, and soon after they departed, I going to shut the hall door after them.

"Who's that gone out?" cried Charlotte Delves, coming forward as I closed it, in her new mourning dress of black silk.

I appeared not to hear her. I did not know whether I ought to say, or not, and was afraid of doing mischief. As I ran up stairs, she opened the door and looked out. I wondered whether they were beyond view.

"Anne, dear," said my aunt, as I went in, "if I die, you are now provided for."

"Oh, aunt, dear aunt, but you are not going to die!"

"Perhaps not; I hope not: but for having seen the spirit of your mother at my bedside, I should not fear it now, for I do feel better. But Mr. Lowe says it is a deceitful disorder, better one moment and worse the next."

I did not know what to think about that spirit. Unwilling as I was to believe in it, I yet was given to superstition: all children are, if they be imaginative ones. My aunt spoke again, interrupting my thoughts.

"Did any of the household see Mr. Gregg go out, Anne?"

"I think Charlotte Delves did; I am not sure. She saw that some one went out."

"Charlotte Delves!" she repeated; "the worst that could have seen him. However, it is done, and they can't undo it. If I live, I shall have time for everything; if I die—but in any event, Anne, you are safe. I have left you all I can. Open that cabinet," she added, holding out her keys.

I did so, and she handed me the will, left on the bed by Mr. Gregg, desiring me to place it in there. Afterwards she made me take that key off the bunch and lock it up alone in a drawer. Then she took the bunch and put it under her pillow.

She appeared considerably better that evening; sat up in bed and eat a few spoonfuls of arrow-root. Mr. Edwin Barley, who was sitting in the room near the fire, remarked that it was poor stuff, that water arrow-root, and that she ought to have either brandy or sherry wine in it.

"I should be afraid," she answered, "and the doctors say I must be kept low. When I get better, then I will take strengthening things."

"If you don't mind they'll keep you so low that you never will get better," was his rejoinder. "I know that the proper treatment for you would be stimulants, until the disorder shall have passed. Let me put a little sherry into that, Selina."

"Not this evening: it might not be right. I will ask Mr. Lowe about it to-morrow morning. As I am better, I must try and keep so."

"Well, I hold to my own opinion," said Mr. Edwin Barley. "You would have got well in half the time had they helped the system. I told Lowe so, but he would not listen to me. I hate your lowering doctors, a milk-and-water diet is necessary in some cases, but I never will believe it has been right in this attack of yours."

"But if I am getting better under it?"

"You are not well yet," he significantly returned, as he took the poker and cracked the coal into a blaze.

"Are you sure you are better, aunt Selina?" I whispered, leaning over the bed.

"I feel a great deal better, child. So much so that I will sit up a little, if you will prop the pillows well behind my back."

Then came my bed time. Jemima appeared with the candle, and my aunt kissed me, and said I should find her still better in the morning.

"Good-night, sir," I said to Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Good-night, child," was his answer.

"Jemima, I am so glad that my aunt is better!" I exclaimed, as she was unfastening my frock. "She will soon be well now."

"I hope to goodness she will!" returned Jemima, dubiously. "But I can't help thinking it bodes no good when folks feel themselves ill enough to think about making wills. I was struck all of a heap this morning, when I heard what I was wanted for."

"Jemima, you know you were not to talk of that."

"Neither am I going to talk of it," she replied, warmly; "but you were there as well as myself, Miss Anne, so it's no matter speaking to you. Thank goodness the house will be open to-morrow!" she added, passing to another topic. "It has been like a dungeon this last week, with the windows and doors shut up, and that melancholy object behind the screen in the hall."

The next morning was Sunday. I heard the clock strike eight before anybody came to call me, so I got up alone. Very joyous did I feel as I drew the blind up, remembering what Jemima had said—that the house might be opened, now poor King Philip was out of it. Not joyous particularly at that, but at the thought of the improvement in my aunt Selina. I ran to her room door when dressed, and had my hand upon the handle when Sarah came by.

"Don't go in there, Miss Hereford," she cried out in a hasty tone of alarm.

"Why not? I want to see how my aunt is."

"Oh, she—she—you must not go in, miss, I say."

"But why, Sarah?"

"Because there's something there that you'd not like to see."

The words, or the tone in which they were spoken, I think it was the tone, struck upon me with awe: but I never, never glanced to the unhappy truth. I let go the handle of the door.

"Mind you don't attempt to go in, miss," repeated Sarah, as she ran up stairs, in the belief that I meant to be obedient. "Miss Delves is in her parlor: you had better go to her."

Now I was not obedient. I transgressed Sarah's orders. Not in the spirit of opposition, for I was by nature and habit a tractable, docile child; but Sarah's words had impressed a dread upon me that my aunt might be worse, that she might be lying there with leeches to her throat, and would spare me the sight. I had seen leeches once upon another's throat, and the sight had remained on my mind as one of the terrors of life. So I went in, in my fear.

The curtains were drawn round the bed, quite drawn. I hesitated a moment, and spoke before I undrew them.

"Are you worse, aunt Selina?"

There was no answer: and in that moment the appearance of the room struck upon me as strange. It seemed to *have been put to rights*: there was no litter, no sign of an occupant; no bottles or pill boxes were about, no articles of dress: the chairs stood in prim array against the walls, the tables had been cleared, all things seemed in order. I drew aside the curtain, and peeped in, in full dread of the leeches.

Alas! it was not leeches I saw, but a still, white face. The face of my aunt Selina, it is true, but—dead. I shrieked out in my agony of terror, and flew away into the arms of Sarah, who came running down.

"Whatever is the matter?" exclaimed Charlotte Delves, flying up from the hall.

"Why, Miss Hereford has been in there! and I told her not to go!" answered Sarah, hushing my face up to her as she spoke.—"Why couldn't you listen to me, miss?"

"I didn't know she was up; she should have waited for Jemima," was Miss Delves's remark, as she laid hold of me and led me down to her parlor, Sarah following.

"Oh, Miss Delves, Miss Delves, what is it?" I sobbed. "Is she really dead?"

"She is dead, all too certain, my dear; but I am sorry you should have gone in. It's just like Jemima's carelessness!"

"What's that, that's like my carelessness, Miss Delves," resentfully inquired Jemima, who had come from the kitchen upon hearing the noise, and was entering.

"Why, your suffering this child to dress herself alone, and go about the house at large. One would think you might have been more attentive this morning, of all others."

"I went up just before eight, and she was asleep," answered Jemima, pertly. "Who was to imagine she'd awake and be down so soon?"

"Why did she die? what killed her?" I asked, my sobs choking me; "dead! *dead!* My aunt Selina dead!"

"She was taken worse at eleven o'clock last night, and Mr. Lowe was sent for," answered Charlotte Delves. "He could do nothing, and she died at two."

"Where was Mr. Edwin Barley?"

"Where? Why, with her. Where should he be?"

A strange, terrible thought had come over me; a wicked thought. Had Mr. Edwin Barley killed her? I shook and shivered in my shoes as I stood there.

"She was so much better last night! She was getting well!" I said, imploringly.

"It was a deceitful improvement," replied Charlotte Delves. "Mr. Lowe said he could have told us so, had he been here. Mr. Edwin Barley quite flew out at him, avowing his belief that it was the medical treatment that had killed her."

"And was it?" I eagerly rejoined, as if, the point ascertained, it could bring her back to life.

"I don't know," observed Charlotte Delves, shaking her head. "I am not competent to judge. They say now it was not bronchitis that she had, but some other disorder; some new disorder, of which I forget the name; and Mr. Edwin Barley maintains that it ought to have been treated differently. All I know is, that if blame lies anywhere, it is with the two doctors, for every direction they gave was minutely followed."

"Why did you not fetch me down to see her?"

"Child, she never asked for you; she was past asking then; and to you it would only have been a painful sight."

"Nobody was in the room with her but me when she took worse," interposed Jemima. "It was my turn to sit up, and she said she was so much better there was no reason for my doing it, and I might make up a bed for myself on the sofa, and she'd speak if she wanted me. Well, I thought at first I'd make up the bed, and then I said to myself that the easy chair was comfortable, and I could sleep in that, and save the noise and trouble of bringing bedclothes in. I was settling things a bit in the room, making up the fire, seeing to the night light, putting ready what might be wanted if I had to make tea in the night, then I slipped off my new black gown, and put on a cotton one, and changed my cap. All this while she had not spoken again, and I went to the bedside, before sitting down, to ask if she wanted anything more then. My patience! if my heart didn't leap into my mouth!—there was such a change in her! I thought I saw death in her face; I declare I did! and my pulses went pit-a-pat as I asked her if she felt worse. She did not speak, but pointed to her throat, and I ran and called master, thinking—"

"Thinking what?" inquired Charlotte Delves, for Jemima had made a sudden pause.

"Nothing particular, Miss Delves. Only that something which had happened in the day was odd," resumed Jemima, looking significantly at me. "Master was in his room, half undressed, and he came rushing after me just as he was. The minute he looked upon her he murmured that she was dying, and sent off for Mr. Lowe. He sent to Nettleby for the physician, too; but the latter did not get here till it was over. The last breath went out of her as the clock was striking two."

"Did he know what was the matter with her—why she was dying?" I reiterated.

"As the rest of us knew," said Charlotte Delves, after a pause. "It was the disorder that killed her; they could not subdue it.—Mr. Lowe says he had little hope, from the first."

"And couldn't open his lips to say so!" put in Jemima. "It's just like them doctors. An aunt of mine was in a consumption, and they vowed, to the very hour she died, that there was no danger. Master's dreadfully cut up."

They brought me my breakfast, but I could neither eat nor drink. I wandered into the hall, and was sobbing, with my head against the door of the dining room, when it was gently unlatched, and Mr. Edwin Barley looked out.

I am confident he had been crying, for his eyes were red, and his air and manner subdued. But I felt more than the customary fear of him, and would have run away.

"Come hither, Anne. What are you weeping for?"

"For my aunt, sir. I never took leave of her; I never saw her before she died!"

"If weeping tears of blood would bring her back to life, she'd be here again," he responded, fiercely. "They have killed her between them, they have, Anne; and, by heavens! if there was any law to touch them, they should feel it."

"Who, sir?"

"Who! The doctors—and precious doctors they have proved themselves! Why do you tremble so, child? They have not understood the disorder from the first: it is one requiring the utmost possible help from stimulants; otherwise the system cannot battle with it. They gave her none; they kept her upon water, and—she is lying there! Oh! that I had done as it crossed my mind to do!" he uttered, clasping his hands together in anguish; "that I had taken her treatment upon myself; risked the responsibility! She would have been living now!"

If ever a man spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, I believed that Mr. Edwin Barley did then, and all doubts as to his having helped on his wife's death were cleared from my mind in that moment. So far as she was concerned, he was innocent.

That restless day! that miserable day! that and the one of mamma's death, remain on my memory as the two sad days of life, standing out conspicuously in their bitterness.

I roved about the house everywhere, save in that one chamber, bringing myself to an occasional anchor in Miss Delve's parlor. She was very kind to me, I will say that for her; but what was any kindness to me then? A resolution grew gradually upon me that I would look once more upon my dear aunt Selina; would watch my opportunity, and steal in when nobody was about.

I did not accomplish it till evening, nearly upon twilight. The very worst hour I could have chosen, the one most likely to encourage superstitious fears; but, child like, I did not think of that. I went in, pushing to the door, but not latching it, and passed round to the far side of the bed, nearest to the windows and the light.

But I had not courage to draw aside the curtain, and down I sat in the low chair by the bed's head, to wait till courage came. Some one else came first, and that was Mr. Edwin Barley.

He walked slowly in, startling me nearly out of my senses; his slippers were light, and I had not heard his approach. I cowered lower and closer, behind the curtain, hoping he would not see me. He did not approach the bed—at least on the side where I sat, but seemed, so far as I could trust my ears, to be searching about the room, and he opened several drawers and tried others. Next he went outside the door and called out,

"Charlotte. Charlotte Delves."

She came running up in obedience, and they entered together.

"Where are my wife's keys?" he inquired.

"I do not know," she answered, looking about the room as he had previously done. "They must be somewhere."

"Not know! But it was your place to take possession of them, Charlotte. I want to open her desk; there may be directions left in it regarding her funeral, or upon other matters, for all I can tell."

"I really forgot all about the keys," she deprecatingly said. "I will ask the women who laid her out. Why! here they are, all the while, in this china basket on the mantle-piece," she suddenly exclaimed. "I knew they could not be far off."

Mr. Edwin Barley took the keys, and I heard him unlock the desk. Charlotte Delves stood on this side the table, apparently looking on; I could just see her petticoats.

"I forgot to tell you one thing, Mr. Edwin," she resumed. "That is, I forgot it yesterday, and to-day I would not disturb you to do it. Lawyer Gregg was here yesterday morning."

"Lawyer Gregg!" he repeated, in a tone of astonishment.

"It was whilst you were at the funeral. I had come into the dining-room, when I heard footsteps, as of more than one, descending the stairs. I thought nothing of it, supposing it might be some of the servants; but the footsteps crossed the hall, the door was softly opened, and I heard two distinct voices. The one said 'Good day, my dear;' the other, 'Good morning, miss.' I went out to look; the door was shut then, and Anne Hereford was turning from it; I asked who had gone out, but instead of answering me, she ran swiftly up stairs. I opened it and looked; two men were walking swiftly away, one of whom was lawyer Gregg."

Now you may just imagine how terrified I felt as Charlotte Delves related this. *I* had done no wrong; I had simply obeyed the orders of my aunt Selina; but it was uncertain what amount of blame Mr. Edwin Barley might lay to my share, and how he would punish it.

"It is most strange what Gregg could want here—and at such a time!" exclaimed he to Charlotte Delves. "Could he have come by appointment, to—to transact any legal business for Selina?"

"The idea occurred to me," she answered. "The little girl may be able to tell. Shall I call her up?"

I suppose he nodded an affirmation, for she quitted the room; but ere she was half way down the stairs, he sprang to the door.

"Charlotte! Come back." And she turned, and came.

"Say nothing about it to Anne Hereford," he said. "If I require information, I will question her myself. That's all." And she departed.

He began opening the drawers he had previously been unable to do, and I could hear him turning over their contents. How long might I have remained there?—what punishment should I have had, when discovered? I cannot tell; times upon times have I thought it over since, and lost myself in conjecture. But there came a knock at the chamber door ere five minutes had elapsed. Mr. Edwin Barley opened it and saw one of the men servants.

"If you please, sir," he said, stepping inside, and dropping his voice in the presence of the dead, "the Reverend Mr. Martin is down stairs, and says will you see him?"

"I'll come," replied Mr. Edwin Barley.

Not another moment lost I. Ere he was well beyond hearing I darted from my hiding place and from the room, not giving another thought to looking at my aunt.

But they took me in to see her the next day when she was in her coffin, or, in what they called "a shell." She looked very calm and peaceful, but I think the dead, generally speaking, do look peaceful, whether they have died a happy death, or not. A few autumn flowers were strewed upon her flannel shroud.

"Touch her," Jemima whispered to me, "touch her, miss, and then you won't dream of her."

Again came the funeral on Saturday; the previous Saturday it had been Philip King's. Mr. Edward Barley *had* found a paper in my aunt's desk, a few pencilled words in it, mentioning who she should wish to be invited to her funeral, should she "unhappily die." Therefore, her death had not been quite unexpected by herself. Several names were enumerated, and Mr. Gregg's was among them.

The long procession, longer than that of Philip King, wound down the avenue. This time Mr. Edwin Barley chose to go in a coach by himself; I supposed he did not like to be seen grieving; and the rest of the mourners went in another. There was not a dry eye among the household, us who were left at home, with the exception of Charlotte Delves; I don't think she wept at all, then or previously. I sobbed till they came back, sitting by myself alone in the dining-room.

It was the very room they were filed into, those who entered. A formidable array it looked, in their sweeping hatbands and scarfs, too formidable for me to pass, and I shrunk into a corner. But they soon filed out again, all save Mr. Edwin Barley, his brother, and lawyer Gregg.

"You wonder at my remaining behind the rest," the latter observed to Mr. Edwin Barley, "but I am obeying the request of your late wife. She charged me, in the event of her death, to stay and read the will after the funeral."

"The will!" echoed Mr. Edwin Barley.

"She made a will just before her death; she gave me instructions for it secretly: though what her motives for keeping it a secret were she did not state. It was executed on the day previous to her death."

"This is news to me," observed Mr. Edwin Barley. "Do you hold the will?"

"No, I left it with her."

"I don't know where it can have been put; I have no idea," observed Mr. Edwin Barley. "In visiting her desk and one or two other places, since her death, I have come upon no will."

There was a blank pause, and the lawyer turned to look at me.

"Perhaps this little lady may know," he said. "She made one in the room when I was with Mrs. Edwin Barley, and may have seen afterwards where the will was placed."

I came forward, sick with apprehension; it seemed to me that all was coming out; at any rate, my share in it. But I spoke, pretty bravely.

"You mean the paper that you left on my aunt Selina's bed, sir, I put it in the cabinet; she directed me to do so."

"In the cabinet?" repeated Mr. Edwin Barley to me.

"Yes, sir. Just inside as you open it."

"Will you go with me to search for it?" said Mr. Edwin Barley to the lawyer. "And you can go into Miss Delves's parlor, Anne: we do not want little girls in these affairs."

"Pardon me," interrupted Mr. Gregg quickly, "Miss Hereford is a party interested, and therefore must remain. Better come with us, my little maid, and point out the spot where you put it, that there may be no delay."

Mr. Edwin Barley looked as if he meant to object, but did not, and we went up. The key of the cabinet was in the corner of the drawer, as I had placed it; and the cabinet was at once thrown open. But the place where I had laid it was vacant: no will was there.

No will was anywhere, apparently. Place after place was searched without success.

"It is most extraordinary!" uttered Mr. Gregg.

"I can only come to one conclusion," said Mr. Edwin Barley: "that my wife herself must have destroyed it. I know nothing whatever of it; it is true the keys were lying about for a day subsequent to her death, at anybody's command; but who would steal a will?"

"I do not imagine Mrs. Edwin Barley would destroy it: it is most improbable. She expressed her happiness at having been enabled to make it—her great satisfaction."

"Who benefited by it, Gregg?" inquired Mr. Barley, who had come into the room, and Mr. Edwin turned short round and gave an angry glance at his brother.

"Anne Ursula Hereford; this little girl," replied the lawyer. "Mrs. Edwin bequeathed her money, her clothes, and all her trinkets, save those which were your own gift, to her, Mr. Edwin. She left her everything, in fact, everything that she had to leave. It is most strange where the will can be!"

"Very strange," echoed Mr. Barley.

"Strange indeed!" repeated Mr. Edwin. "I will institute a thorough search all over the house."

But to me it did not seem strange. I believed the will had been made away with by Mr. Edwin Barley. Was I right? Or wrong?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861

TERMS, &c.

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REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

THE STORM COMING.

The operations of the last week would seem to indicate the probability of a speedy collision between the forces of the Union and of Disunion. The advance in Western Virginia, the movement in Southern Pennsylvania at Chambersburg, the occupation of Alexandria and the pushing forward towards Manasses Junction, and the throwing out of troops at Fortress Monroe, are movements that evidently are parts of one deeply laid scheme. As we look at the battle ground, it appears to us that the Union forces are favored with much the stronger position. The apparent necessity of defending Northern Virginia, seems to us to put the Secession generals to a great disadvantage. If their line is pierced and broken in central Virginia, their troops at Harper's Ferry will be surrounded. If they withdraw from Harper's Ferry, they give up the whole North of the State. If they leave Norfolk or Richmond too much exposed, Fortress Monroe, itself impregnable, may make an attack upon either city at pleasure.

Of course, if in sufficient force, the Secessionists might overturn all this plan, by menacing where they are menaced. But the best sources of information would not lead us to believe that they are able to do more than they have so far done—act on the defensive. Behind entrenchments their troops will do great execution—in the open field we have doubts of their being equally efficient. The Union forces will have a great advantage in the field, in having the regular army on their side, and those terrible batteries of flying artillery which are attached to the regular service. Apart from this, we believe they will be found the better drilled, the more efficient force when acting as a whole, and able to "foil wild rage with steady skill." Therefore, looking at the matter as impartially as we are able to do, we think that Harper's Ferry and Northern Virginia will have to be abandoned before many weeks by the secession forces. Still, we do not forget that, in military matters especially, "doubtful things are very uncertain."

A SUGGESTION.

It is proposed that in order to lessen the difficulty which England seems to apprehend relative to a sufficient supply of cotton, that Congress forbid any further importation of cotton goods from Great Britain.

And, if England will not furnish one kind of hardware, in the shape of rifles and rifled cannon, that Congress also forbid the importation of any other kind while that prohibition continues.

After all the talk of English authors and statesmen and divines about American slavery, if the result be the perfectly "neutral" and unsympathising action of the English government recently indicated by the debates in Parliament, England will be held hereafter in utter contempt on this side of the Atlantic.

But we must not be too hasty in coming to a decision. Let us see whether the English people will tolerate Lord John Russell in comparing us to infidel Turks, and the Secessionists to Christian Greeks—whether that base mercantile spirit which led England to force opium down the throats of the Chinese at the point of the bayonet, is to determine the policy of the British government now. England may not know it, but the decision of this question is of infinitely more importance to her than to us, as fifty years hence everybody will perceive. Her time of trial is coming—and our time of triumph. A century hence, and the United States, a mighty people, compacted into one nation by the present momentous struggle, with an intense nationality overriding all State lines, full of martial fire, and thoroughly bred to arms, will be the leading Power of the globe. Almost against our will, we are henceforth a nation—a military nation—ready and eager to take up arms in any noble cause. Even those among us who from former education and prejudices would be disposed to resist the natural and inevitable course of events, shrink back in hesitation from the task, for the hand of the Omnipotent seems to be in it, shaping our destiny in a way that one year ago we little dreamed of.

DEAD OR ALIVE.

The Memphis Bulletin announces the arrival of Gen. Beauregard, on the 29th ult., to take command of the Western division of the rebel army.

There is quite a wide-spread belief through the Northern States that Gen. Beauregard was killed at the attack on Fort Sumter.—While we see no sufficient reason to adopt such a belief—especially as Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*, describes him as he saw him, after the attack on Sumter—still we admit it is a little curious that Beauregard has kept himself of late so much in the background. It was supposed that he was the "crack" General of the secession forces, and that he would be pitted against Scott. If he takes McClelland or Fremont, however, he will probably not only have his hands full—but a little running over.

SOUTHERN CONFIDENCE.—As a significant indication of Southern confidence in the insecurity of affairs in that section, we may mention the fact that, within a few days past, we have received from parties residing in slave States thousands of dollars intrusted to us for safe keeping. This shows, in language stronger than words can express it, what some of our Southern friends think of us and of the government under which we live. We received one single draft for ten thousand dollars.—*Scientific American.*

If any of our old friends in the South are desirous of putting their available means in a safe place, we will invest any sums they may send us, with as much wisdom as we can, either in ground rents or mortgages on Philadelphia real estate, in Philadelphia City loans, or the bonds of the Pennsylvania or Camden and Amboy Railroad, whichever class of securities they may prefer.

RIFLES.—In answer to a correspondent we may say that neither the Enfield nor the Minie rifle is a breech-loader. The Sharp's rifle has the reputation of being an excellent one—it loads at the breech. We judge it to be scarcely as accurate at a long range as the Enfield or Minie; breech-loaders, we believe, are not generally considered quite as accurate as rifles loaded in the old way. By the "American long range rifle" is probably meant both the rifle and the rifle-musket, with the sights adapted to long ranges. The recent great improvement in rifle shooting results from the improved ball, more than from any change in the rifle. The ball is heavier, owing to its shape, meets with less resistance from the air, and needs no patch.

THE BEST YET.—Few things have struck the Northern people as more comical than the assertion of Jefferson Davis that "the Secessionists only wanted to be let alone." Mr. Davis and party go to work and seize the property of the United States—mints, custom-houses, money, forts, ships, navy-yards, military stores, hundreds of cannon, &c.—wherever they can find them—said United States making for a long time no resistance whatever. The United States troops sent to Texas for the protection of the Texan frontier against the Indians, are first betrayed by their General, and then the agreement with them broken, and they captured, and treated as prisoners of war. Plans are laid to take possession of Washington, and official threats made of a march upon Philadelphia, New York and Boston. And then when the loyal States, aroused at last, fly to arms—they are coolly told by Jef. Davis that he and his friends who have been playing such pranks, "only want to be let alone." The comic aspect of the plea in many minds quite overpowers all others, and even indignation has to give place to momentary laughter. As embodying the general feeling, the following "pome" is being read and laughed over everywhere:—

"ALL WE ASK IS TO BE LET ALONE."

As vonce I valked by a dismal swamp,
There sot an old cove in the dark and damp,
And at everybody as passed that road
A stick or a stone this old cove throwed.
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone; for I loves to shy
These bits of things at the passers-by—
Let me alone, for I've got your tin,
And lots of other traps snugly in—
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat
To grab votever you've got afloat—
In a veek or so I expects to come
And turn you out of your ouse and ome—
I'm a quiet old cove, says he, with a groan:
All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,
Another old cove, and began for to say—
"Let you alone! that's comin' it strong!—
You've *ben* let alone—a darned sight too long.
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd—
Put down that stick! (You may well look
skeered!)
Let go that stone! If you once show fight
I'll knock you higher than ary kite.
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks.
And I'll have my hardware back, and my cash,
And knock your scow into tarnal smash;
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.
The best you can do is to go to bed,
And keep a decent tongue in your head;
For I reckon, before you and I are done,
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The old cove stopped, and the t'other old cove
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,
And he looked at his stick, revolvin' slow
Vether 'twere safe to shy it or no—
And he grumbled on in an injured tone,
All that I axed vos, *let me alone.*

THE LAST LETTER.—The following letter gives us a higher idea of Colonel Ellsworth than we previously had. We had looked upon him as a dashing, daring, but reckless and somewhat superficial soldier—this letter shows, however, both depth and nobility of character, and that he was at heart a religious and believing man. There is a tone of sadness in the letter, almost ominous of his approaching end; while Sidney himself could not surpass the touching sweetness of his language:—

Head Quarters First Zouaves, Camp Lincoln:
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1861.

My Dear Father and Mother—The Regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force have arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of to-morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow, will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever loved parents, good-bye. God bless, protect and care for you.

ELMER.

THE NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.—The special correspondents of the New York papers are gentlemen of most marvellous optics. They are sent to Washington to write something startling—and they do it. Here is a sample of the way they described the battle that would have come off the other day near Arlington Heights, only it did not begin, because there was no enemy, and the troops at the Heights were not thinking about fighting. Hear the "special"—"*our own*," as the dailies proudly say:—

"2.30 P. M.—The battle-field is widening in extent, and a long line appears to be now engaged."

"3 o'clock: The Massachusetts 5th, Col. Lawrence, are in the engagement."

"3½ o'clock: Our troops appear to be advancing, and those before them retreating towards the woods, keeping up a vigorous firing."

This "special" certainly must have been looking through the bottom of his tumbler.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

U. S. INFANTRY TACTICS, for the Instruction, Exercise, and Manœuvres of the United States Infantry, Including Infantry of the Line, Light Infantry, and Riflemen. Prepared under the Direction of the War Department, and Authorized and Adopted by the Secretary of War, May 1, 1861. Containing the School of the Soldier; the School of the Company; Instruction for Skirmishers; the General Calls, the Calls for Skirmishers, and the School of the Battalion; including the Articles of War, and a Dictionary of Military Terms. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

We are pleased to have at last an *authorized* edition of Infantry Tactics, to ensure the requisite uniformity in the drill of the volunteers. What with the Scott, the Hardee, and combinations of the two at the pleasure of the drill masters, the drills so far have varied in the most amusing manner. The present authorized tactics are based upon the French—though the old manual for the percussion musket is inserted with the manual for the rifle, which general term includes also the rifle-musket. As all the troops will be armed with either rifles or rifle-muskets as soon as they can be procured, the manual for the musket is scarcely worth learning. In the schools of the Company and the Battalion, the instruction for heavy and light infantry is the same. The present tactics include the "*right about*—MARCH," the forming in line from column without halting, the doubling of the files when marching by a flank, more varied formation of squares against cavalry, and the omission of those unnecessary commands which tend so to confuse the soldier, and especially the recruit. There is added to the book instruction for light infantry when acting as skirmishers, and various other useful matters. If all instructors will now conform to this authorized drill, a member of any company, or of any of the numerous drill-classes, will be able to act with the members of all others. The only obstacles to such conformity will be the prejudice or laziness of certain drill masters—but if the matter is steadily urged, the reasonableness of the demand can hardly fail to insure its success. Besides, before many months, it may be, we shall have an order from the War Department making the new drill imperative.

THE MILITIAMAN'S MANUAL, AND SWORD PLAY WITHOUT A MASTER. Rapier and Broad Sword Exercises; Small arm Infantry Drill of the U. S. Army; Company Drill of U. S. Cavalry, &c. Enlarged, &c., by Captain M. W. Berriman. Published by D. Van Nostrand, New York.

HOPES AND FEARS; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A SPINSTER. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c. Two volumes in one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

A MANUAL OF MILITARY SURGERY. By S. D. GROSS, M. D., Prof. of Surgery in Jefferson Medical College. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE SOLDIER'S COMPANION. Compiled from the Latest Authorities. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

THE PARTISAN LEADER. A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy. By Beverley Tucker, of Virginia. Published by Rudd & Carleton, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

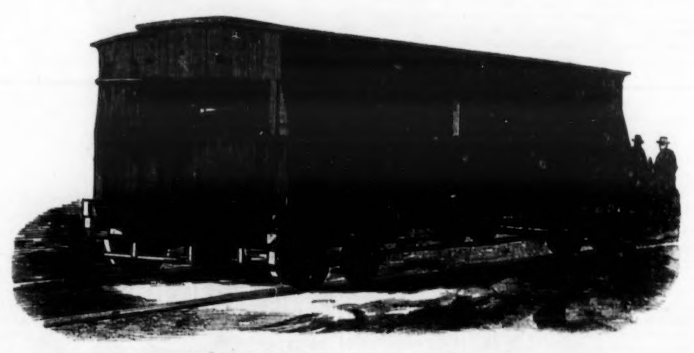
HOSPITALS AFTER A WAR.

With the feeling of interest, just now alive all over the country, in the adventures and probabilities of *soldier life*, a vivid sketch of the *English and French hospitals*, at Constantinople, after the war of the Crimea, will be worth reading. It is from a work written on that war by an English officer.—

"We pass into the wards where the sick are laid out. There is little or no accommodation for them, and their rough beds are placed in rows in the cold stone passages. Nearly all are lying on their backs, and most are evidently in fearful pain. Of the few who are not, one is whittling a stick, some are reading books, or scraps of newspapers, and one whose eyeballs are nearly starting out of his head, is devouring, rather than perusing, a letter from home. I have brought it him. Poor boy! I know that home, and how one poor simple mother's heart will ache, and one girl's cheek grow pale, when it is known there that he is among the maimed.

"Some of the wounds are frightful. Most of the Russians have been shot in the back, or low down in the legs. Our troops have all been wounded in front. One man, shot quite away through the chest, is likely to recover; another, who has had a ball for two days in his brain, is also doing well since its extraction! One man who was shot in the leg had such a hard, sharp bone, that it split the ball which struck it into two halves, as if the lead had been severed with a knife, and he escaped without a fracture. A rifle ball has completely scooped out the eyes of one man, doing him no other injury, so that he will recover. We have a great many officers wounded, nine in one regiment only. If we add to this, that there is a great deal of cholera and fever, general scarcity of accommodation and medical aid, we shall give too true an account of the British hospital at Scutari. I do not presume to say—I dare not even fancy to myself—at whose door may lie the amazing charge of negligence in this respect. I merely state a most melancholy and self-evident fact. The average deaths are fifteen daily. It is a ghastly sight to see the old Scotch sergeant jerking over the dead, with a fearful pleasantry, as they are being sewed up in sacks for burial.

"Let us go and see the Russian officers who have been taken prisoners. They are in a room apart, and three only, out of some ten or twelve, are wounded. One of the latter is a mere boy of about sixteen. He has been shot in the knee, and will probably have to undergo amputation, but it is touching to witness his courage and good humor. It seems to me, as he lies there, so young and fair, and feminine-faced, like the courage of a wife with a husband near her, in some time of pain and trial. Poor child! He tells me, in German, that he has many relations, so many, he can scarcely count them; and he opens his large eyes with such a winning archness as he speaks, that one can see at a glance he is some mother's darling. I watch the surgeon as he dresses the lad's hideous wound. Even he, accustomed to see acts of heroism every hour, nobler than those wrought on the battle-field, even he is moved by the boy's brave prattle. 'Tell him, above all things,' says the doctor, 'not to move the bandages.' I am sorry to say some of the Russian soldiers have done so, apparently under the impression that we meant evil by them. Unhappily, too, we have nobody who can speak Russian at this moment.



THE PHILADELPHIA IRON CAR BATTERY.

The determination to reconstruct the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, led to the construction of a railroad battery by the Federal Government, at the locomotive works of Baldwin & Co., Philadelphia. One of the long platform baggage cars was fixed with sides and top of thick sheet iron, the sides having port holes and loop-holes for musketry. A turn-table was arranged, on which a rifled cannon is placed. The carriage for the gun is so constructed, that it can be fired at any angle, and from any one of the port-holes in the sides and end of the car. In place of shot or shell from the cannon, pieces of iron punched from locomotive boilers will be used as loads. This car is to be placed in front of a locomotive, and with fifty men inside, armed with Minie rifles, and seamen to work the cannon, there are but few more terrible instruments of destruction.

"The next patient was a fierce obstinate youth, who swore lustily, and bounced down, after submitting to be bandaged, with very edifying pride and impatience; but the third, a fine, handsome man, with the cold blue eye which I think distinguishes most of the Russians, lay on his back and glared horribly into vacancy. He never stirred while his wound was being dressed, nor seemed to notice us, and when we left him glared still in the same fixed and fearful way as before.

"At the request of one of the British officers, I now inquired of the others if there was anything which they desired, and stated that if so, their wants would be attended to with all possible courtesy and hospitality. They were all subalterns, however, and apparently felt their position very little; after a short conversation among themselves, therefore, they announced that they would like some breakfast, which was their most pressing want for the moment, and some was no doubt brought to them, though I did not wait to see it. Indeed, the day was already waning fast, and we had an engagement to be at the French hospital at two o'clock; so, getting back as quickly as we could, we found ourselves just in time to accompany one of the principal surgeons over the wards. The difference between a military nation and one that is not, made itself immediately apparent. We found things here in a very far better condition than at Scutari; there was more cleanliness, comfort and attention; the beds were nicer, cleaner, and better arranged. The ventilation was excellent, and, as far as we could see or learn, there was no want of anything. The chief custody of some of the more dangerously wounded was confided to the Sisters of Charity, of which an order (St. Vincent de Paul) is founded here. The courage, energy and patience of these excellent women are said to be beyond all praise. I saw several fine, healthy young persons, with that clear, bright complexion, which I think often goes with a good conscience, and which I have often observed seems a sort of prerogative of the French *religieuse*. It seemed to me that there must be a heart-rending story of pain and trial attached to some of them, so young and fair, so fitted to make a Paradise of home, and yet doomed to be homeless and unloved, forever passing life in duties so stern and solemn. I fancied, too, that some of the poor fellows, grown used to those kind voices and gentle hands, would leave the hospital with a strange, cold pang a few weeks hence. I know that I should, but for the talisman of another love, the only charm I can well believe would bear man harmless through such a trial.

"The French hospital presented a far different sight to the English one at Scutari.—Ours was dull, silent and wretched. Grim and terrible would be almost still better words. Here, I saw all was life and gaiety. The presence of those neat, active, kindly women had done much. The innate joyousness of the French character had done more. There were my old acquaintances, the French soldiers playing at dominoes or *ecarte*, by their bedsides, and twisting paper cigarettes, or disputing together just as I have seen them anywhere else, from Constantinople or Bona. I liked also to listen to the agreeable manner in which the doctor spoke to them. '*Mon garcon*,' or '*mon brave*,' quite lit up when he came near with his humane and brotherly interest in them. I could not help noticing it. My acquaintance smiled—'It is only as you observe,' he said, 'a national peculiarity with us to address persons in humble life with tenderness, but in the army we are especially instructed to do so.' The Sisters of Charity, however, spoke to the wounded in a manner which was still more happy and French. Their voices must have sounded to many a poor fellow with a lively imagination like a foretaste of the glory and consideration he would meet with in his own village. Every word seemed to express such a true admiration for valor, such a general and special interest in the *excellent enfant* addressed, such a sweet readiness to listen to the slightest whisper from his parched lips, and such unwearied activity in ministering to the smallest of his wants. God bless those women—what a mission of mercy they are fulfilling now.

"Hark to the deep roar of the guns as they come booming over the sulky waters and through the heavy air. My companion pauses. 'It is for the death of Marshal St. Arnaud,' he says; 'his strange career is ended.' And indeed it was so. The Commander-in-Chief of the French troops had died on his passage from the tents which were still menacing Sebastopol. It was said that he died of cholera, but that in reality had only shortened, by a few days, a life already hastening to its close. The fiat of the physician had gone before, and the French chief knew death to be so near, that in the battle which took place not many hours before his death, he dared all manner of danger, seeking for a soldier's grave in the field, and it was denied him."

THE ARMY.

Nearly one hundred regiments have thus far been accepted by the Federal Government from the States of New York, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana. The contingents from the other States will bring it very near two hundred regiments—or about 160,000 men.

In active service, we have the following forces:—

In Washington City	22,000
Opposite Washington City, in Virginia	21,000
Total in and near Washington	43,000
Menacing Harper's Ferry and supporting the Washington column, there are at Chambersburg	10,000
At York, Harrisburg and North Central Railroad	6,000
Total on the borders of Pennsylvania	16,000
At Grafton and Parkersburg	3,500
In Baltimore and Fort McHenry	4,800
At Fort Monroe and vicinity	9,000
Two Indiana regiments moving towards Virginia	1,700
Aggregate concentrating on Virginia	78,000
Add twelve regiments at Cincinnati	10,000
Six regiments at Cairo	5,000
Grand aggregate	93,000

Say 90,000 men on the line of offensive operations. For if some of the above estimates should be a little too high, the regiments daily going south will soon bring up the number to that mentioned.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.—The General is described by Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*, as follows:

"He is a squarely-built, lean man, of about forty years of age, with broad shoulders and legs 'made to fit' a horse of middle height, and his head is covered with thick hair, cropped close, and showing the bumps which are reflective and combative, with a true Gallic air, at the back of the skull; the forehead, broad and well developed, projects somewhat over the keen, eager, dark eyes; the face is very thin, with very high cheek bones, a well-shaped nose slightly aquiline, and a large, rigid, sharply-cut mouth, set above a full fighting chin. In the event of any important operations taking place, the name of this officer will, I feel assured, be heard often enough to be my excuse for this little sketch of his outward man."

Russell, so far, has always managed to be in the wrong place at the right time, to do up his reporting for the *Times*.

FIVE HUNDRED READY MADE HOUSES FOR CUBA.—The Baltimore American says:—A contract has recently been entered into between certain parties residing in Cuba, and builders of this city, to the extent of constructing five hundred houses, all of which are to be erected in Cuba. Of course they will be entirely made of timber, and the parts joined and put up after shipment to that country. Each piece and part will be so numbered as to render this part of the contract a comparatively easy one. According to the most careful estimates, nearly one million feet of lumber will be required, all of which is to be well culled and seasoned. The work has already commenced, and it cannot be otherwise than gratifying to know that a very large force of industrious workmen are now employed at fair wages.

☞ A sweet but unrefined young lady should be sent to a sugar refinery.

☞ Day, panting with heat, and laden with a thousand cares, toils onward like a beast of burden; but night—calm, silent, holy night—is a ministering angel that cools with its dewy breath the toil-heated brow; and, like the Roman sisterhood, stoops down to bathe the pilgrim's feet.

☞ "Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

☞ A young lady is charged with having said, that if a cart-wheel has nine felloes, it's a pity if a pretty girl like her can't have one.

☞ A henpecked husband says that instead of himself and wife being one they are ten; for she is 1 and he is 0.

☞ THE INEVITABLE WIGFALL.—Prentice, of The Louisville Journal, states that Wigfall has written a letter fixing the 15th of June as the latest day to which he can be induced to postpone the capture of Washington, and adds:—"If the Southern troops don't take it by that time, he will no doubt take it himself. He can. He seldom walks through a street without taking the whole of it."

MILITARY MATTERS.

SUGGESTIONS FROM A SURGEON.

Having had considerable experience as a surgeon in the British army, especially on the battle-field of the Crimea, permit me to offer some suggestions to those who are now going to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-countrymen in the coming struggle:—First, it is of the utmost importance that the men's boots should fit well. They will necessarily have a great deal of marching, on a hot and perhaps sandy soil; more, indeed, than the English soldiers had, who were confined in a space of 10 miles by 20, comprising the lower part of the Crimean Peninsula, from Balaklava to the Tchernaya river, and from Sevastopol to Baidar.

While in charge of the 4th division of the military train, at the village of Kadikoi, I had in two months, more than thirty soldiers, entirely disabled from badly fitting boots, out of a force of 235 English, comprising the division (not enumerating 300 Turks, who often went bare-footed, and whose feet frequently dropped off from frost bites.) These boots were generally too large, so that in walking they caused friction on the heels, and produced ulcers. Such cases were not numerous among officers, although several were similarly afflicted.

The British government sent out boots of only two sizes, large and small, so that men with medium feet could not be fitted, and were obliged to take those or none. The men were in hospitals, disabled from sore heels alone, being otherwise perfectly healthy. This may appear to many in civil life a mere trifle, but it was of serious import, as their services were entirely lost for many months.

I may here remark, it is a most difficult matter to cure an ulcerated heel, on account of the skin being thick and sparingly supplied with blood vessels. The remedy I adopted in many cases (for the cure of the boots)—for many men applied for relief, whom I did not consider sufficiently disabled to be admitted into the hospital—was, to cut a lozenge shaped piece out of the boot over the instep, make two or three holes on either side, and order the men to lace them. This prevented the friction to a certain extent.

I would also recommend the woollen stockings as being greatly superior to cotton, for men on the march. I have frequently found the smearing the feet with a tallow candle before putting on the stocking, an admirable preventive of blistering. I may also mention that it is a favorite habit of soldiers, when they halt on the banks of a river, to take off their boots and wash their feet and walk about bare-footed while smoking their pipes; nothing blisters the feet sooner than this practice.

When they are allowed to wash, the sergeants and corporals should insist on the feet being well dried, and the boots immediately replaced. Believe me, sir, this is a matter of great importance. Soldiers require as much care as children.—H. J. PHILLIPS, M. D., late Army Surgeon, No. 332 Broadway, N. Y.

AMBULANCES.—On Saturday week, fifty ambulances were shipped from New York to Washington. The body of each is eight feet long and four feet wide, with two shifting seats and mattresses to fit the body. They hang low, and are capable of carrying 2,000 pounds each. Hammocks may be hung inside. Nine men can be seated in one.

THE NEW RIFLE MUSKETS.—It having been published that the "New Rifle Musket" is an inefficient weapon, a writer from Watertown Arsenal steps forward in its defence.—He says:—"In loading with the oblong 'Minie bullet,' the charge from the cartridge is emptied into the barrel of the musket, then the bullet is entirely divested of paper and inserted, cupped end down, and unless the rifle is very dirty, the bullet will drop into its place without any unusual force being necessary; it should then be tapped gently with the ramrod, to settle it, and insure the cavity of the bullet being filled with powder. This will give the gas generated, on firing, free scope to act on the cavity of the bullet, and expand so as to force it to take the grooves of the musket rifle, and get the rotary motion.

"No paper is used, or was ever intended to be used, in loading with the *Minie Bullet* in the *Rifle Musket*, and any soldier that would be so stupid or headstrong as to use it, should be stripped of his belt and drummed out of the service. It is the general opinion that the new 'Rifled Musket' can be, and is, more easily and quickly loaded than the old smooth bore with the old fashioned spherical ball, and certainly they must carry with greater precision and be a more destructive weapon."

ONE WEAPON ENOUGH.—All experienced writers upon arms for soldiers, continue to discountenance the use of pistols for privates, and they ridicule the idea of knives. In a close fight the bayonet must be the means of attack and defence; and, say the officers, the skilful use of one weapon is quite as much as the volunteers are likely to become perfected in. The bayonet is the favorite weapon of the French. As against Mexicans the bowie knife is powerful and efficient; but in this war nobody need expect to fight with Mexicans, and before the knife can be of any use, the soldier must climb over pointed bayonets.

THE FIRE ZOUAVES.—These Fire Zouaves are fellows of awful suction, I tell you. Just for greens, I asked one of them yesterday what he came here for. "Hah!" says he shutting one eye, "we came here to strike for your altars and your fires—especially your *fires*." Gen Scott says that, if he wanted these chaps to break through the army of the foe, he'd have a fire-bell rung for some district on the other side of the Rebels. He says that half a million of traitors couldn't keep the Fire Zouaves out of that district five minutes. I believe him, my boy.—*Washington Corres. of Exchange.*

SOLDIER COMFORTS.—There are many little articles which the War Department does not furnish, but which are indispensable for the comfort of the soldiers; and we will here allude to some of these, for the information of those who are anxious to direct their energies in a way that will be practically useful. The need of pocket handkerchiefs, combs and tooth-brushes will occur to every one.—Havelocks or coverings for the soldiers' caps, with capes attached for the additional protection of their necks from the sun's rays, may save many a life during the summer months; and flannel, or woven bandages, to cover the stomach and spine, which were found of incalculable value to the British troops in India, as a preventive against dysentery, have the approval of our best physicians. Many thousands of these articles should be prepared at once, and forwarded or given to the troops.

THE STEAM GUN.—In reference to this new war engine, illustrated in our last number, one of the men who was arrested while in the act of conveying it to the secession camp at Harper's Ferry, says:—"It requires fifty men to work it; it shoots behind and before and all around; it will certainly kill the fifty men employed in working it, beside dealing out its death strokes to thousands of those in whose defence it is employed." A very impartial machine, indeed, killing friend and foe.

ARMSTRONG GUNS AND ENFIELD RIFLES.—We have seen it stated in several papers, that an Armstrong rifled gun, imported from England, was used against Fort Sumter. Now, this is a mistake; Armstrong guns are manufactured exclusively for the British Government, and cannot be sold to private parties. It was an English (Blakely) rifled cannon imported from Liverpool that was used at Charleston.

We have also seen it stated in several papers that Enfield rifles, purchased in England, have arrived here for arming our volunteers. This is also a mistake. The rifles made at Enfield are all for the British army, because the works belong to the Government. Such rifles cannot be sold to private parties, nor obtained upon any account from England. The British rifled muskets that have been imported, are equally as good as those made at Enfield, because they are similar in pattern, though they are manufactured by private gunsmiths.—*Scientific American.*

BLISTERED FEET.—I had for several years two sons at school at Geneva, Switzerland. In their vacations they, in company with their tutor, made excursions through Switzerland, Italy, Germany, &c., on foot; bearing their knapsacks containing their necessary wants for a month. They were provided with a small bar of common brown soap, and before putting on their stockings turned them inside out, and rubbed the soap well into the threads of them, consequently they never became foot sore, or had blistered feet. Let our volunteers try it, and my word for it, they wont complain of sore or blistered feet.

THE QUAKER CITY.

The Philadelphia volunteers, accepted and unaccepted, are stated to be as follows:—

	Men.
The eight regiments accepted under the two requisitions,	6,000
Small's regiment,	800
Einstein's regiment,	800
First City Troop,	84
Black Hussars,	300
Capt. Jones's Troop,	200
Holmesburg Troop,	100
Col. Chorman's regiment,	1,100
Ontario Infantry,	100
Wayne Guard,	100
Lujeane's Garibaldi regiment,	800
Brady's Governor's Guard,	800
Mann's seven companies,	600
Korponay's battalion,	400
March's battalion,	400
Bryan's Second Scott Legion,	800
Murphy's Jackson regiment,	800
McMullin's Rangers,	100
Capt. Powers's two companies,	200
Capt. Smith's company, (in Cal. reg.)	110
Fritz's Keystone regiment,	800
Total,	15,394

This is about twenty regiments. Had all the regiments been accepted entire the number would have been much larger. This array is not only quite creditable, but it is surprising, coming from a city like ours. All New England has not sent forth as many men. Maine, with as much population as Philadelphia, has given but one regiment, and New Hampshire and Vermont each the same. Philadelphia is the only part of the free States which has sent into the service a cavalry troop. In making up the above statement we have omitted Captain Montgomery's fine company of Commonwealth Artillery, now at Fort Delaware, numbering 100 men and the Richmond Artillery, in garrison at Fort Mifflin, 100 men, because we do not know whether their service is temporary or permanent. They raise the total to about 15,600 men. Philadelphia has also in the field one Major General, Patterson, in command of this department; another, G. B. McClelland, in command of the Department of the West, and now conducting the important operations in Western Virginia; one Brevet Major General, Cadwalader, in command of the Department of Annapolis and stationed at Baltimore, besides a host of Colonels and other field and staff officers.—Under all the circumstances this is doing tolerably well for "the Quaker city."

EUROPEAN NEWS.—We have later news from Europe by the steamer America, at Halifax. She brings among her passengers the Hon. George M. Dallas late U. S. Minister to the English Court. Cotton has declined, provisions were steady, and breadstuffs had a declining tendency. The America brings over a million dollars in specie as freight. The U. S. Minister, Hon. C. F. Adams, had been presented at Court. In a debate in the House of Lords on the American blockade the speakers generally opposed the idea that privateers should be regarded as pirates.

THE GAP AND THE JUNCTION.—Manassas Gap is seventy miles from Alexandria, a strong position on the Alexandria and Strasburg (valley) Railroad. Manassas Junction is twenty seven miles from Alexandria, and is the key to the principal railroads of Virginia—the line from Richmond, as well as the Tennessee and Lynchburg line to Harper's Ferry, uniting at that point, which commands them all. It strikes our unprofessional minds as a fine strategic point, which we should think the Government would aim to occupy as a base either of operation or surveillance.—*National Intelligencer.*

☞ "Why do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger, at a party an evening or two since. "I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit, "I winked as men do when looking at the sun—your splendor dazzled my eyes."

☞ The majority of women are little touched by friendship, for it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

OLIVER DALE.

A suitor came to the hall yestreen—
Oliver Dale, proposing for me.
"This love is a forward sprite, I ween,
He ventures in where he ne'er should be,"
Said my cousin Maude, for she scorned the thought
Of Oliver Dale proposing for me.

For Oliver Dale, though learned and wise,
Oliver Dale was humble and poor;
Did I look upon him with Maude's proud eyes?
Oh, fluttering heart of mine, I'm sure,
When his lightest look and word you prize,
'Tis little you care that he's humble and poor!

A step drew near, and entering in,
My father came with Oliver Dale;
My cheek burned red with a maiden shame,
But his brow was stern and ashy pale;
For the hope in his heart burned dim and low,
That brightened the life of Oliver Dale.

"He loves you, Clare," my father said,
"Answer your lover yourself, my child!"
And Maude, in a whisper that well was heard,
"In truth, sweet cousin, his brain is wild—
The clod would mate with the star! Ay, Clare,
Spurn him to earth!" and she scornfully smiled.

"Maude," I said, "to a loving heart
Rank and fortune can nothing be;
Not with a crown, or a conqueror's fame,
Could Oliver Dale be dearer to me!"
And I wept, for before me, in rapturous joy,
Knelt the lord of my love upon bended knee.

Years since that blessed night have flown,
A happy mother am I and wife;
And shrined in her rank, Maude dwelleth alone—
Lonely and sad her unwedded life.
Ah! cold, proud Maude, you never can know
The bliss of a loved and loving wife!

E. A. M.

Opinions About Learning to Shoot:

THE POSITION.

We have stated that some persons appeared to be naturally incapable of becoming good marksmen, as they *dodged*, just when the trigger was pulled. A Maryland correspondent alludes to our statement, and asserts that twenty years' experience and observation have taught him that any person may become a good shot by observing the following directions:

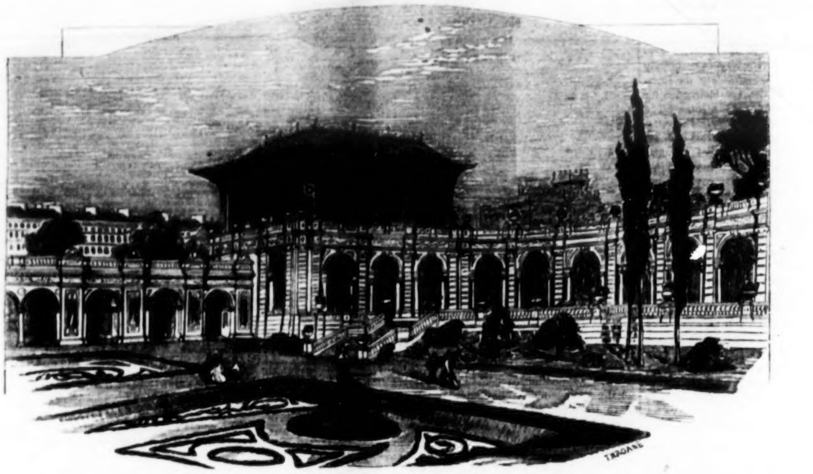
"Allow the rifle to hang in the hands in an easy manner, declined at an angle of about 40 degrees; then raise it steadily but quickly in a line with the object, the eye ranging carefully over the sights, and at the instant the object arrived at is covered, touch the trigger." He says, "I find there is a moment in which the gun is absolutely still, that is, the instant the upward movement of it is arrested. These directions observed will certainly make a good shot. If the sight is lost at the first trial, it can be recovered by a second. Any deviation from this rule is fatal to accuracy."

It has been the experience of many persons in shooting that nervousness in firing is neutralised, in a great measure, by drawing the trigger slowly and steadily. We have known several nervous persons become very accurate marksmen, by cultivating a habit of steadiness, combined with promptness in touching the trigger just at the instant the sight covered the object, as described by our correspondent. All sportsmen who shoot birds on the wing, must follow this practice excepting in one feature, lowering instead of raising the muzzle. Our aborigines raise the muzzle when they fire; most of our rifle shooters and military men raise it first, above the line of aim, and then lower it. On this subject, marksmen differ in opinion as to which is the best mode.

As to the best attitude and mode of holding a rifle in firing, no single rule can be followed by all. Soldiers should learn to take aim and fire rapidly in all position—standing, kneeling, or lying on the ground rolled up like clods behind tufts of bushwood or grass. One contends that it is impossible to shoot accurately with a rifle, unless a person stands in the position of our Western riflemen—erect and sidewise, with the right elbow raised to the ear, muscles rigid as stone, the left hand merely supporting the rifle, and the elbow resting upon the side. This may be the very best position for hunters and fancy shooters, but a regiment of soldiers drilled to fire exclusively upon such principles, would make excellent targets for the skirmishing riflemen of our modern military corps. At a distance of 800 yards, all the standing-up shooters could be picked off without a single Zouave exposing himself to a chance shot.—Several well-known marksmen condemn a rigid position of the muscles in shooting.—They recommend an easy and graceful, but firm position, the butt of the rifle held snugly, but not violently firm against the muscle of the right arm above the elbow, and the left hand placed under the barrel at the vertical axis—the point where the stock and barrel are balanced when held upon one finger.—*Scientific American.*

A TIRESOME BUSINESS.—The Court Journal gives an elaborate description of a magnificent dress in which the French Empress appeared at the last Court ball, and adds that "the mere adjusting of the dress on the night of the ball occupied a space of three-quarters of an hour, as the placing of the bouquets and diamonds on the skirt cannot be accomplished until the dress is on and the whole toilette be complete, excepting this last touch, upon which, however, according to the tiring woman's idea, 'everything depends.' For the more convenient accomplishment of this, her majesty stands upon a high stool, while the bouquets are being placed upon the skirt, so that they are on a level with the eye of the *habilleuse*, who—under the direction of the head tiring woman, who stands at a distance viewing the reflection of the labor in a swing glass, gives her orders where each bouquet shall be placed."

☞ No maiden ever unlocked her heart to her lover, but a kiss was the first prisoner to fly out.



THE NEW ARCADES AND PAVILIONS IN THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, LONDON.

The new grounds of the Horticultural Society, in London, have an area of about 22 acres, which will be surrounded by handsome arcades, and ultimately, it is thought, pavilions will be introduced, which latter were suggested by the architect, as calculated not only to improve the appearance of the gardens, but also to afford agreeable places for shade and shelter and for refreshments.

The ornamental parts of the gardens are planned on the Italian, or geometric principle, and will be profusely decorated with cascades, fountains, statuary (including groups of figures, statues of eminent men, tazzi, vases, &c.), flowering and evergreen shrubs, rock-plants, American and Australian plants, an aviary for song birds, a maze—to be formed of yew and horn-beam hedges—to contain an area of a quarter of an acre, fish ponds, &c., which, as a whole, in combination, will form, when completed a sort of modern Elysian Fields.

The illustration above represents a part only of the upper arcade and one of the pavilions, &c., as designed by Mr. Smirke. The central arcades, which are straight, will each be 630 feet in length, and the upper or northern ones are planned in two quadrants, each having a radius of 150 feet. The central arcades will be 22 feet 6 inches high, and the upper one 26 feet. Should the pavilions be ultimately carried out, they are intended to be constructed of cast and wrought iron, the former to be used in the supporting columns and girders; and in certain portions of the structures glazed and colored terra-cotta will be effectively introduced, and the iron-work is to be parti-colored, relieved in parts with gilding. They are planned to occupy an area of 60 feet square, and will have a height from the upper level of the ground to the eaves of 45 feet.

The materials employed in the construction of the arcades are brick, Portland stone, and terra-cotta, part of the latter of which will be glazed and colored.

HAIR WASHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—Seeing a notice of "a Valuable Hair Wash" going the rounds of the papers, and which hair wash long used will invariably ruin the best suit of hair in the world, being composed as it is of bay rum, brandy and sweet oil, varied in proportion by those using it, I wish to give gratis, to the world my experience in the use of various oils and recipes generally, all of which, by experience, acted just reversely to stated effects, causing my hair to come out by handfulls in one case, in another giving my hair, naturally dry, a harsh, dead look, after said oil dried; and in another kind completely destroying the natural color of a once dark chestnut color, to a dingy foxy color (this was owing to the strong bay rum and alcohol in said oil used), and how I not only succeeded in restoring the natural color of my hair, but caused it gradually to assume a soft, glossy, beautiful black. The recipe I hold valuable, and, if disposed, I could use it advantageously in hunting up little gold dollars, but having sufficient of them for all needful purposes, I shall give out my recipe to the world gratuitously, hoping to receive in the end the smiles of all using it, for the good it will accomplish. Let me caution all gentlemen frequenting barber shops, against the time honored custom of dressing their glossy locks with preparations of oils and bay rums; it will ruin your hair. Again, don't use any preparations, washes, onguents or dyes on the hair or whiskers; nor sage teas, water, or anything but the following preparation, which I warrant to render ALL hair rich, thick, dark and glossy and soft as silk after long using. Procure at any drug store

Best castor oil,	1 pint.
" olive oil,	¼ pint.
Pure fresh lard,	¼ pint.
Good beef marrow,	¼ pint.
	2 pints.

Put all together in a vessel on the fire, and allow it to simmer; then take it off, and add two tablespoonfuls of the best brandy; shake well; then add a few drops of any oil of extracts to scent, to suit the taste. Then bottle in a wide-mouth, glass-stopper bottle; use one table spoonfull each morning at your toilette, no more, no matter the quantity of hair.—Shake well the bottle each time before using. Try it one year, and my word for it, you will be astonished and gratified. Now either of the above used *separately* won't do; for castor oil is too thick and gummy, olive oil is too thin, &c.,—just the reverse of castor; beef marrow is better, but too cold and clammy. Lard of a superfine quality alone is better than either, as this gives softness to crispy hair. Brandy or alcohol or bay rum, or rum or spirits, or cologne of any kind turns all hair red and foxy, used promiscuously. If your head itches, wash it clean occasionally with soft water and salt, moderately strong; it allays irritation of the scalp, and will strengthen the hair. Beware of lead waters, or astringent lotions of any kind; if you have naturally a good suit of hair, never *use anything* but comb and brush. Yours truly, BELA.

Lexington, Ky.

A BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS.—I wish that I had been married thirty years ago. Oh! I wish a wife and half a score of children would now start up around me, and bring along with them all that affection which we should have had for each other by being early acquainted. But as it is, in my present state, there is not a person in the world I care a straw for, and the world is pretty even with me, for I don't believe there is a person in it who cares a straw for me.

☞ Look well to your daughters; sparks falling on your house are often less dangerous than those coming into it.

THE LIGHT O' LOVE.

As long as she's constant,
So long I'll prove true:
And then if she changes,
Why so can I, too!

I.

I care not that her look is gay,
And that her step is light;
And that she leads the hunt by day,
And leads the dance by night;
That she can come to any call
And sing to any key;
And be as beautiful to all
As she has been to me.

II.

I care not that her lips are mute,
And flushed her beaming brow,
When other fingers wake the lute
Which mine are wearying now;
I care not that her whim repays
The music and the line
With brighter smile, and warmer praise
Than e'er she gave to mine.

III.

Ay, press her hand!—my gift may gleam
Around its whiteness yet;
But you may well forgive the dream
Which she can so forget;
I loved her only for the dress
Of chance and change she wore;
And trust me, I should love her less,
If she could love me more!

W. M. PRAED.

CHEAP TELESCOPE.—Procure from an optician a thirty-five inch object glass (that is, a convex glass which produces a focus of the sun's rays at the distance of thirty-six inches), and a one-inch eye-glass (that is, a convex glass producing a focus at one inch). Employ a tin-plate worker to make two tin tubes, one thirty inches long, and about one and a quarter inch diameter, the other ten or twelve inches long, and its diameter such that it will just slide comfortably inside the larger. The inside of these tubes should be first painted, or otherwise lined with a dull black. At the end of the larger tube an ingenious workman will have no difficulty in securing the object glass, so that not more than an inch diameter of it shall be exposed, and at the end of the smaller tube the eye-glass must be fixed.—When the open end of one tube is inserted in the open end of the other, so that the two glasses shall be about thirty-seven inches apart, a telescope will be present which will magnify the diameter of objects thirty-six times or, in other-words, will make heavenly objects appear thirty-six times nearer. With such a telescope, the satellites of Jupiter, the crescent of Venus, and the inequalities of the surface of the moon, may be distinguished.—Galileo's telescope, with which he made the first discoveries in the heavens, did not magnify more. We need scarcely add that with this instrument all objects will appear inverted; but with regard to celestial objects, this is of no importance. Such a telescope costs about 4s.; but for double that sum a very much superior one may be constructed by obtaining a larger and better object glass, of forty inches to forty-eight inches focal distance, the cost of which is 3s. 6d., retaining the one-inch eye-glass, and having the tubes made to suit the additional greater length of focus and diameter of object glass.

AN OBSTINATE CRITTUR.—"Halloo, Ben ! let's go down here to our church and view the demolished ruins of the hurricando." "Oh, no; I an't got no time." "Why an't you got no time?" "Oh, cause I don't want to go." "Why don't you want to go?" "Oh, 'cause I can't." "Jus gib us reason why you can't go?" "Oh, 'cause I shan't." "Well, why shan't you?" "Oh, 'cause I won't." "Ah, nigger! I see you've got de adwantage ob me in dat 'ere argiment; dere's no way ob gittin round you dis 'ere time. Wah! wah! wah!"

THINGS SLOWLY LEARNT.

The truth is, a great many things are slowly learnt. I have lately had occasion to observe that the Alphabet is one of these. I remember, too, in my own sorrowful experience, how the Multiplication Table was another. A good many years since, an eminent dancing master undertook to teach a number of my school-boy companions a graceful and easy deportment; but comparatively few of us can be said as yet to have thoroughly attained it. I know men who have been practicing the art of extempore speaking for many years, but who have reached no perfection in it, and who, if one may judge from their confusion and hesitation when they attempt to speak, are not likely ever to reach even decent mediocrity in that wonderful accomplishment. Analogous statements might be made, with truth, with regard to my friend Mr. Snarling's endeavors to produce magazine articles; likewise concerning his attempts to skate, and his efforts to ride on horseback unlike a tailor. Some folk learn with remarkable slowness that Nature never intended them for wits. There have been men who have punned, ever more and more wretchedly, to the end of a long and highly respectable life. People submitted in silence to the infliction; no one liked to inform those reputable individuals that they had better cease to make fools of themselves. One thing very slowly learnt by most human beings is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed, and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost every commonplace man and woman in this world has a vague, but deeply-rooted belief that they are quite different from anybody else, and of course quite superior to anybody else. It may be in only one respect they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient.

GOD'S WORK AND MAN'S WORK.—Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the designing Mind of the universe than the correspondence in nature. The establishment of these correspondences is the work of the Creator; the use of them the work of the creature:

"God puts the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand and rock, and says to men, 'There are your houses; go hew, saw, frame, build, make.' God builds the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship; God buries the iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it, and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and, still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought, that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock are given us, not brick and square stones. God gives no clothes; he gives us flax, and cotton, and sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them and weave them. If we would have anything good or useful, we must *earn* it.

JUNE.

Blow, Summer wind, from yonder ocean blow
Along the wild sea banks and grasses drear,
And loamy shores, where mosses brown and sere,
And pale pinks in the sandy ridges grow:
Float round yon promontory in the brine,
Whose stretching arm in deepest azure lies;
Where quiet browse the heavy-uddered kine
Round rock and shining shallow gray and clear;
And fill, this listless hour, the dreamy ear
With thy scarce toned and wordless harmonies;
For here with nature will I rest, and ease
My heart with sweetest fancies all the noon,
Until the limpid crescent of the moon
Lights the blue east above the budding trees.

GLORIA.

I.

The laurels shine in the morning sun,
The tall grass shakes its glittering spears,
And the webs the spiders last night spun
Are threaded with pearly tears.

II.

At peace with the world and all therein,
I walk in the fields this Summer morn;
What should I know of sorrow or sin
Among the laurels and corn?

III.

But hark! through the corn a murmur comes—
'Tis growing—'tis swelling—it rises high—
The thunder of guns and the roll of drums,
And an army marching by!

IV.

Away with the sloth of peace and ease!
'Tis a nation's voice that seems to call;
Who cares for aught, in times like these,
Save to win—or else to fall!

V.

Farewell, oh, shining laurels, now!
I go with the army marching by—
Your leaves, should I win, may deck my brow,
Or my bier, if I should die!

—*N. Y. Leader.* GEORGE ARNOLD.

BURYING A FORT.

Quite an original method of taking a fort is described in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine. In 1696 a large Russian army besieged the Turkish fort of Azof, which was situated on a plain, strongly fortified, and had a small but well-disciplined garrison. No common approaches could be made to it, and the Turkish cannon swept the level with iron hail. In this case the engineering skill of the Russians was baffled, but General Patrick Gordon, the right-hand man of Peter the Great, and the only one for whose death it is said he ever shed a tear, being determined to take the place at any cost, proposed to bury it with earth by gradual approaches. He had a large army; the soil of the plain was light and deep, and he set 12,000 men to work with spades, throwing up a high circumvallation of earth, and advancing nearer and nearer every day to the place, by throwing up the huge earth wall before them in advance. The men were kept in gangs, working day and night, the earth being thrown from one to another like the steps of a stair, the top gang taking the lowest place every half hour in succession. In five weeks the huge earth wall was carried forward nearly one mile until it rose to and above the highest ramparts, and the earth began to roll over them. This caused the Turkish Governor to hang out the white flag, and *give in*. Had he not done so, General Gordon would have buried the fortress.

SHOOTING DRESSES.—With regard to the dress generally, for all open shooting, we strongly recommend woollen for the coat, waistcoat and trowsers; thin and light for grouse shooting in August, and stronger, subsequently, for partridge shooting in November. The peculiar advantage of woollen garments, independently of their comfort at all times, is that they are warmer and less uncomfortable than any other description of dress when wet through, and there is no difficulty in procuring a quality of woollen sufficiently light for the warm weather in August, and thick enough for the coldest weather in winter. Woollen garments are the most comfortable of any in use, under all circumstances. The shooting cap may be of the same material, as no sportsman in these days thinks of shooting in a hat. No sportsman, we should hope, would be so unwise as not to wear a warm flannel under waistcoat; this is indispensably necessary for both health and comfort; this also, may be light for August and September, and heavier subsequently.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXVII.

Lord Kingswood, when he had turned the key upon Erle Gower, requested Philip Avon and those who surrounded him to keep the confinement of Erle as a prisoner a secret for the present. To Philip Avon he employed some few arguments, which had weight with him; to the others he made his request a mandate.

There was one person, however, who had watched with much, though concealed, indignation, the whole proceedings, except the process of locking the prisoner in his cell, and listening to Lord Kingswood's injunctions to the servants to maintain secrecy.

That person was Lady Maud's own maid. She was interested in Erle because, on his first arrival, she had learned from some of the other domestics that a young gentleman guest had been put by Lady Kingswood's orders into the old ghostly, haunted apartments to sleep in, and she found herself yet more deeply interested in him when entrusted to be the bearer of a message from Lady Maud to him. She saw what a handsome fellow he was, how bright his eyes were, what a pleasing smile, and what a soft voice he had. Then, too, his courage in sleeping in that horrible, dreary old bed-room, wherein ghosts were as thick as currants on a stalk, commended itself to her, for bravery is a virtue in a man highly prized by women.

Now, the good looks of Erle and the message which Lady Maud had commissioned her to deliver to him, a message which was so often constructed and reconstructed before it was finally consigned to her for delivery combined with the great fact that Erle had saved Lady Maud's life, created within her young and simple mind an impression that Mr. Gower was Lady Maud's "young man."

This impression was confirmed by the illness and the continued sorrowful melancholy which Lady Maud had exhibited, subsequently to her separation from Erle, and the fact that Lady Maud never checked her garrulity when she spoke in flattering terms of him, but sighed low and softly.

Somewhere she had read or heard, for her experience was not worth much, that true love never travelled the straight and undeviating path. Ballads had taught her that country "gurls" had fixed their young affections upon squires of high degree, and had come to grief thereby under a willow, or that some noble knight had loved a maiden of low degree, and the cruel father had rendered himself exceedingly disagreeable by converting the smoothness of attachment into the roughness of disappointment.

She found that there was no exception in the case of Erle and Lady Maud; this pair of "treu lovyers" indeed followed the old, ungracious rule, and were treading a very rough and uneven path. But this condition of things only served to heighten her interest in the affair, and to urge her to play the part of the faithful confidant to one or both of them, and so far as she might be able, assist in bringing them into the path which is terminated by a cupolaed temple, within which a pyramid altar stands, bearing an inextinguishable flame, and above which, flying about like a stormy petrel, appears a winged youth, named Hymen, flourishing a torch and smiling beneficently.

One singular and unusual virtue this young damsel possessed. She did not talk, except to the purpose.

Not one of the household dreamed that she and Mr. Cyril's smart young groom were "walking" together, although he had sketched out to her as a picture of the future a well-to-do road-side inn, with stabling, out-buildings, tasteful and ornamental grounds, an extensive kitchen-garden, and a good, well kept cricket-field, owned by himself as landlord, and graced by herself as landlady. The groom was naturally reticent, and she, under a very sensible conviction "that there was no use in talking when it didn't do good to nobody," did not think it fit to confide her engagement with Mr. Cyril's groom to any person living, assuring herself that it would be quite time for her friends to know it when she was actually wife of said groom and the smiling landlady of said road-side house.

As she had not felt it necessary to talk about her own affairs, she felt it would be very improper to tattle about Lady Maud's and Mr. Erle's, so that she kept her tongue within her teeth and her eyes open to find an opportunity of learning any little matter likely to be advantageous either to her mistress or her "young man." In following out this rule of practice, she witnessed the discovery of Mr. Erle. She saw him captured, treated like a felon, fight like a lion, heard all that passed before Lord Kingswood, and saw the ultimate disposal of Erle in the tower in the eastern wing.

She withdrew herself from the scene before the final turning of the key in the lock by Lord Kingswood, and made her way direct to Lady Maud's apartments in one of which she knew she should be sure to find her.

Common sense and a still tongue mostly keep company, and if the girl had her full share of curiosity, and perhaps a little more than her share of superstitious fears, she still possessed a certain amount of discrimination, which, exercised in every-day matters, but especially in her own private affairs, did duty for a very decent kind of worldly wisdom.

This discrimination enabled her to see the propriety of employing tact when bringing the incarceration of Erle to Lady Maud's notice. If it is true that a woman, without appearing to inform herself about them, will quickly become mistress of the habits of a beloved object, it is especially true that a servant, if attached, will, with seeming unconsciousness, soon conquer the secrets of her mistress, and in doing this, acquire a very shrewd conception of her inner nature. This young girl, having almost intuitively fathomed Lady Maud's secret, as instinctively knew that she must confine the discovery to her own breast, or at least not even broach the subject to Lady Maud; but at the same time, with the art—in some instances bewitching—of her sex, she knew how and when to speak of Erle in a manner pleasing to Lady Maud, without giving her an inkling that she had realized the truth of the relation subsisting between them.

On the present occasion she, on seeing Lady Maud standing at the window of her sitting-room, gazing wistfully at the landscape beyond, took not the slightest notice of her, but appeared to busy herself in performing some of her duties in the room. She, however, furtively watched every motion of her young lady's until she heard her heave a deep sigh, and saw her remove from her station at the window and sink into a lounging-chair.

Then she coughed twice or thrice to draw Lady Maud's attention, and at last, finding that the latter raised her thoughtful eyes from the floor, and turned them upon her inquiringly, said—

"Does your ladyship, if you please, know whether it is likely that Cyril will shortly come down to the Hall?"

Lady Maud looked at her for a moment as though she did not quite comprehend her question, and then said, listlessly—"I do not know. I don't think it is likely that Mr. Cyril will return to the Hall again for some time."

"I wish he would, my lady; for, so sure as my name is Susan Harebell, he wouldn't alallow that horse to be shot," exclaimed the girl, emphatically.

"Horse to be shot?" repeated Lady Maud, trying to rouse herself from the abstraction. "What horse, Harebell?"

"Your ladyship will remember that, last November, you went out with Mr. Cyril, and Lady Kingswood, and the Marquis of Chillingham, and Mr. Philip Avon, and Mr.—Mr.—that very handsome young gentleman—what was his name?—so brave—so good-looking—Mr.—Erle Gower—you remember him, my lady," observed Harebell, glancing askance at her.

Lady Maud sighed. Remember him! Indeed, she did remember him. She did not speak, but bowed her head in assent.

"If your ladyship will remember, your horse took fright and ran away with you," continued the maid. "Mr. Erle gave chase to you, and at last overtook you, and saved your ladyship's life."

"He did, indeed," murmured Lady Maud, softly.

"Well, my lady, Hazel—that is Mr. Cyril's groom," continued the girl, with affected garrulity, "told me—I mean the butler, who told Mrs. Muddlemist, who told me, that Mr. Erle rode a horse of Mr. Cyril's on that day, that it was a very good one, and that if it hadn't been, Mr. Erle could not have saved you."

"It was indeed a noble, high-couraged steed," remarked Lady Maud, musingly.

"Well, my lady, Mr. Philip Avon has taken a very great dislike to the horse ever since that day, and all the household have taken a very great liking to it, because it was the means of saving your life," continued Harebell. "A little while since, Mr. Philip Avon was over here from Hawkesbury, and he went down to the stables, and the stud-groom pointed out the horse to him, and he said that Mr. Philip Avon went into the awfullest passion, and ordered him to be shot, but the groom refused to shoot the horse without Mr. Cyril's or Lord Kingswood's commands. Mr. Philip Avon said he would be responsible and hold him harmless, and the head groom said he'd see about it. But he never meant that the horse should come to harm."

"Certainly not," exclaimed Lady Maud, with a heated flush upon her face. "Both my cousin Cyril and Lord Kingswood would be exceedingly angry if so cruel and brutal an act were committed. Mr. Philip Avon had neither the right to issue such an order, nor the power to have it executed, if he did arrogate the right to give it."

"Mr. Philip Avon, when he came here this morning, my lady," returned the girl, artfully working round to her point, "stormed at the grooms because his order had not yet been obeyed."

"Is Mr. Philip Avon at the Hall now?" inquired Lady Maud, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Oh, dear, yes, my lady," replied Harebell; "indeed, he has quite upset the whole household."

Lady Maud looked at her with an expression of alarm, but did not speak.

"Your ladyship does not, perhaps, know that Mr. Philip Avon came here last night just after midnight with some officers, and said that burglars were in the old library."

"In—in—in the old library?" ejaculated Lady Maud, turning white.

"Yes, my lady—but, oh dear me, perhaps I ought not to tell your ladyship anything about it, as your ladyship is in delicate health," exclaimed the girl, cunningly interrupting herself.

"Everything, my good Harebell!" cried Lady Maud, quickly; "everything, do not omit a single occurrence you may be acquainted with."

"Well, my lady, I do not know much, but what little I do I shall be happy to communicate to your ladyship," she answered. "You must know, then, that just before we were going to retire for the night, and while we were talking over how Lady Kingswood ordered Mr. Pharisee to be horsewhipped through the park—"

Lady Maud, with a bewildered air, arrested her speech, and inquired what she meant by that assertion. Harebell explained as far as she was able, and then, with a troubled aspect, Lady Maud bade her proceed.

"Well, my lady, as I was saying," she continued, "Mr. Philip Avon came at the time I mentioned, and had some private talk with the butler, and then, after midnight, he came again with two officers, and then they and some of the men-servants hurried to the old library and searched it all over, and when they had done hunting, they found—"

"Who—who?" inquired Lady Maud, with unconcealed anxiety.

"Nobody! my lady," answered the girl, with a smile and a toss of the head; "and it served them right; what did they want prying and poking their noses into what does not concern them?"

A sigh of relief escaped from Lady Maud's breast, but she made no remark.

"But, my lady," continued the girl, assuming a mysterious and confidential tone, "the strangest part is to come. Mr. Philip Avon and the officers watched all night in the Chace, and then, when the sun was up, they came again to the Hall, and Mr. Philip said he was sure there was somebody concealed in the old part of the Hall, and the old library and old picture-gallery were searched, but nobody was found; then the old chambers were thought of, and they hurried to them, and oh, my lady, what do you think—but lor', your ladyship can never guess what happened. When they went to ransack the old rooms, and they had got into the dreary, haunted old bedroom they found sleep upon the bed—"

The girl paused as if the words necessary to complete the revelation stuck in her throat.

Lady Maud awaited with intense earnestness for her to continue, but found it impossible to ask a question. She dreaded because she believed she knew what was coming, and she was right.

At length the girl, making an effort, continued—"They found, my lady, asleep—in a slumber, as gentle and peaceful as that of a tired child on a summer's afternoon, Mr—Mr. Erle Gower."

Lady Maud, striving her utmost, could not repress a groan. It burst agonized in tone from her lips, and she turned from the girl to conceal her emotion.

"It was Mr. Philip Avon who first saw him," continued the girl; "and when Mr. Erle, handsomer than ever, leaped off the bed and made his way into the next room, where he stood at bay, then Mr. Philip Avon taunted him cruelly. Such a scene followed. They all set on him, and he only one by himself, and dragged him down the staircase to take him away to prison on the pretence that he was a thief, when—thank heaven! my lady, Lord Kingswood arrived and saved him."

Lady Maud trembled violently. She once or twice essayed to speak, but found the effort too much for her. She could only clasp her hands together and await the conclusion to this unwelcome and unfortunate event. How much deeper and more settled became her aversion to Philip Avon, and how fixed her determination to die rather than to become his!

The girl, finding that Lady Maud did not make any comment upon what she had communicated to her, and seeing that she was much affected by it, hurried on to the conclusion, and then remained perfectly silent, with the intention of giving Lady Maud an opportunity of recovering herself, and of subsequently making such observations or communications as she might see fit.

Lady Maud was indeed greatly disturbed by what she heard—not so much upon her own account as upon Erle's. She had formed a pretty just estimate of Philip Avon's vindictive nature, and she was fully prepared to learn that he had made to Lord Kingswood the most malicious representations respecting Erle which a wicked invention could construct. She had received from him abundant proofs that he knew by surmise of the love existing between herself and Erle, and she did not doubt but that he would make the basest use of that knowledge, unprepared as he was to substantiate it by proof. She had a presentiment that he had before Lord Kingswood preferred a charge against Erle of having surreptitiously endeavored to gain her affections. For her own part, she cared not if Lord Kingswood did know of her love, but she feared for Erle. She had worked herself into that state of mind in which she was heedless what became of her so that she did not become the wife of Philip Avon, but for Erle she felt the deepest anxiety and tenderness. She conjured up fears respecting him, which greatly distressed her. She was quite sure that Philip Avon would not hesitate to compass his death in any way that just stopped short of murder, and she had a suspicion that Lord Kingswood would sacrifice him without remorse to his pride and to his anger—sacrifice him by deportation probably to some unhealthy climate, where he would sicken and die soon after his arrival.

It was her wish, therefore, to help Erle if she could. She knew not how it was to be done, but if it were to be done, and she the instrument, what happiness it would be to her. He was without a friend but her, at least near to him, and if she made no effort to save him he might probably be for ever ruined, lost, destroyed. What fate in the hands of Lord Kingswood and of Philip Avon might be in store for him, she was not able to shape out. What wrong he had done she was at a loss to guess. She knew there had been a duel between him and Philip Avon. She knew that he was a "secret" of Lord Kingswood's, but why either circumstance should justify them in making him a prisoner, treating him, in short, as a felon, she could not guess. He had told her in exulting tones that he was heir of the race of Kingswood, but in terms that implied doubt. Still, withal, there was something in this which should rather have commanded Lord Kingswood's sympathy and protection than create his enmity and vengeance. It was, with all her closest application of thought, however, impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point, and she was left to concentrate her thoughts upon finding a way to prove serviceable to him.

She was young and unexperienced enough to be quite helpless in such a situation, but she loved; her love was in danger, and like woman all the world over, she was prepared to encounter any hazard if she could but save him.

She had but one idea, and that was the possibility of affording Erle the means of escape from the place in which he had been confined. She did not forget that, in returning to Kingswood Hall, he had come with the purpose of tracing out his origin—he had said so, and the object seemed to her natural. She felt, too, that she herself had been an object of his visit, and that if he visited the old library to peruse the records of the House, he also sought it in the hope of meeting and conversing with her.

This must be for the present given up, he must place for a time at least a wide interval between him and Kingswood Hall, and when the hour of his might and power arrived, when he would come there boldly and defy Philip Avon, and as well compel Lord Kingswood to acknowledge his rightful position, then, and not until then, must he there appear again.

Her thoughts, at first wild, vague, wandering, unconnected, took eventually this shape, and when they had done so, the consideration how the escape was to be effected followed also.

It was necessary that she should see him and arrange the means for his flight; it did not, however, occur to her that he was locked within the chamber in the eastern wing, and that Lord Kingswood had got the key; nor did it suggest itself that the door of his prison was watched, as likewise was the window, which overlooked the Chace without. She only got a portion of these disturbing facts on making her maid Harebell repeat the latter portion of her story. Then she comprehended indeed that Lord Kingswood was himself Erle's gaoler, and that one of the servants was appointed warden without his chamber.

She displayed such evident distress on learning this, that the girl, whose native sharpness was already whetted, jumped to a correct conclusion as to the cause. She saw that her young lady wished to have the opportunity of a few minutes' conversation with the youth of her heart, and she made up her mind that it should go hard if the wish went ungratified.

It was at this moment, when both were silent and deep in perplexing thought, that a message arrived from Lord Kingswood, requesting Lady Maud to attend him in his library.

Lady Maud grew pale and then flushed. She rose up and sank down in her seat again. She had a painful apprehension of his reasons for holding an interview with her, and she dreaded her want of power to sustain it.

Hitherto it had been her only task to implore him not to bestow her hand upon Philip Avon; now, in addition to that cruel labor, she knew that she should have to confess her love for Erle, and to defend it. In this prospective ordeal she again thought less of her own agony than for the jeopardy in which she might by her confession place Erle. Such a confession she felt would precipitate matters against him, but how deny it if charged with it?

She wrung her hands in agony, and Harebell, who watched her attentively, seemed grieved by the emotion she was not able to conceal. She bent over her, and whispered—"Do not be alarmed, my lady. Remember, you knew nothing about Mr. Erle's presence here until I acquainted you with it. And if I should be wanted to speak to it I'll say something, I warrant, Mr. Avon won't quite like, I know; and besides, my lady, by-and-by I will—Never mind, wait till you see me again, my lady. I shall know then something more than I have told you, and you shall know it too, my lady."

Lady Maud waved her hand to Harebell to be silent, and the girl curtseyed and fell back, while Lady Maud took her way to the library.

As she entered, Lord Kingswood rose from his seat, advanced with a stern, haughty mien towards her, touching her hand coldly, and conducted her to a seat.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, in a tone that almost made her start, "my coming is somewhat abrupt, but my engagements are so many and so various that I cannot direct my movements at will. I am obliged to snatch opportunities when they present themselves; hence I come thus, without apprising you beforehand. Lady Kingswood is somewhat peculiar on these points, and as I wish to have an interview with her, I must enlist you in my cause, engage you to plead my excuses to her ladyship, and to use your persuasive eloquence to prevail upon her to see me at her earliest possible convenience."

This preliminary was something so different to what Lady Maud had led herself to expect, that she could not help gazing up at him in surprise. He observed the expression upon her features, and misinterpreted it.

"Lady Kingswood is here, beneath this roof—Kingswood Hall—Lady Maud!" he exclaimed, sharply.

"Certainly, my lord," she answered, quickly.

"Her ladyship has not quitted it, I presume, since her arrival?" he added.

"Not even to wander in the ornamental grounds, my lord," she returned, quickly.

"Her ladyship has recovered her health?" he continued, drawing a deep breath after Lady Maud's remark.

"Her ladyship is still in extremely delicate health," rejoined Lady Maud, shaking her head sadly, "and much depressed in spirits," she added.

"I will soon restore her ladyship to a happier and livelier state of mind!" exclaimed his lordship, with a forced laugh. "You, too, Maud, shall recover your old smiles shortly, and Cyril will be again among us, more sprightly than ever. The fact is, there has been some strange, indescribable cloud hanging over our House lately, Maud; it is rolling off, and we shall soon have sunshine gilding our daily life again."

She looked up at him, and said, with a boldness which surprised herself—

"For you, my lord, and Lady Kingswood and my dear cousin Cyril, I hope and I pray that it may be so; for myself, the prospect only looks gloomier than ever."

"Why so, Maud?" he asked, regarding her with grave, almost stern attention.

"Because, my lord," she answered, "I presume your views respecting the disposal of my hand have undergone no change."

"They have not, Maud," he replied, emphatically.

"Nor have mine, my lord," she returned, with equal firmness.

He started, and thought of Erle, and he bit his lip. Could there be method after all in Philip Avon's madness? He fastened his eyes upon her face, to see if he could there read any clue to the truth of Philip's assertion; but he saw only that it was pale and transparently white. He noticed, however, that her eyes were fixed upon some object resting upon his library-table, and he followed their direction with his own.

She was looking at a key—a large, old-fashioned, time-blackened key—the key of the chamber-door in the eastern wing.

"Why do you so steadfastly regard that key?" he interrogated, sharply. "Do you know it?"

"I do not," she replied, laconically.

"A rising blush spread itself over her face. She did not know it by sight, yet some strange instinct told her that it was the key that kept Erle in confinement.

"I am reminded," said Lord Kingswood, musingly, "of a statement which has been made to me. It is so preposterous, so wholly incredible, that I do not, I confess, award it scarcely a particle of belief. Still, before I uterly discredit it, I must acquaint you with it, and hear your answer—but not now. I am anxious that Lady Kingswood should know that I am here. I am very desirous of having some conversation with her. I must have it. You will please to say that, Lady Maud; I *must* confer with her. What I have to impart is of the greatest import to her and to myself. I shall, therefore, be glad if she would name the earliest moment for me to attend her. Impress upon her ladyship that I can accept no excuse, attend to no denial, and assure Lady Kingswood that it will be only in self-defence if I assert my prerogative. Your ladyship will be good enough to seek Lady Kingswood at once, and bring to me an answer at the earliest possible moment. Your ladyship will perceive that I could entrust such a communication to no other person than yourself; and you will confer upon me a lasting obligation if you execute your mission to my satisfaction."

Lord Kingswood could acknowledge with fluent ease lasting obligations, like many another of his kind; but repaying them, or attempting to do so, was quite another affair.

Lady Maud had an intuitive conviction that in any appeal to him not to destroy her earthly happiness, a reference to any lasting obligations she might have conferred upon him, would be simply valueless.

She, however, in silence obeyed him, and proceeded to Lady Kingswood's chamber, her vision haunted by the phantom of a large antique key, which she would have given worlds, if hers to bestow, to have had in her possession for one solitary hour.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Lady Maud had but little *specialite* and less inclination for the task imposed upon her by Lord Kingswood. She had not seen Lady Kingswood since she had delivered to her, with such warmth and earnestness, that lecture upon the rights of duty over the heart's fondest affection—duty, not in the sense of morality, but in the interest of family arrangements. Lady Kingswood had spoken to her excitedly, and even harshly; and notwithstanding that she had lowered her haughty and angry tone before she quitted her, the remembrance of its heat had kept her from seeking her ere she lay down to repose or when she had risen from her couch in the morning.

She presumed that her ladyship was acquainted with all that had passed that morning in reference to the discovery of Erle, and she hardly expected to pass through the performance of the task set her by Lord Kingswood unquestioned on this matter; it would be an ordeal, no doubt, but then it would be for Erle that she would have to brave and to bear it, and for him what was there she would hesitate to undergo!

With his name on her lips, with his young, bright face, a glorious phantasm, in her earnest eyes, she entered Lady Kingswood's chamber to deliver Lord Kingswood's message, and prepared to be subjected to a questioning of a very trying character.

She found Lady Kingswood in her sleeping apartment, pacing it slowly and thoughtfully. She turned as Maud entered, and stood motionless. Her face was very pale, and seemed to be thin and careworn far more so than Lady Maud had ever seen it, even in the worst paroxysms of grief she had displayed on quitting London for Brighton. She tendered Maud no greeting as she approached her, but rather looked at her as if she was an intruder; and there was an inquiry in her gaze which seemed to ask why her seclusion was thus invaded.

Lady Maud hesitated, and then stood still, also uncertain how to address Lady Kingswood; and she glanced at her face to see whether she was still in an angry mood with her; but to her amazement and pain, she saw that all Lady Kingswood's *hauteur*, all her pride, all her stern anger had faded, and that she seemed to be deeply dejected and utterly spiritless.

All Lady Maud's reserve vanished. She ran up to Lady Kingswood and took her hand—it was burning hot.

"You are ill, Lady Kingswood, very ill!" she exclaimed.

Lady Kingswood twined her arms about her, laid her bowed head upon her shoulder, and sobbed like a child.

Twice or thrice Maud essayed to speak to her, but Lady Kingswood motioned to her to be silent, and she obeyed her. When her paroxysm of weeping had expended itself, Lady Kingswood dried her tears, and said—"I am glad, Maud, you have sought me, for I wish to speak a few words to you—in sorrow, perhaps, but in sincere and affectionate earnestness."

"Lady Kingswood," murmured Lady Maud, anticipating what she was about to say, "spare me. I have heard already an exposition of your views respecting my future. I know the warmth with which you entertain them, and I believe you to be sincere in your convictions, but they have failed to change my heart; they must change my nature ere they do; therefore, let us not further discuss a subject painful to both, and little likely to end in a solution satisfactory to either. I bring you a message—"

"My dear Maud, you erroneously interpret my words," interposed Lady Kingswood. "I do not deny that what I am about to say will necessarily have some bearing upon the subject of our last conversation, but it will take an entirely new form altogether, and perhaps may have as little effect, because it will come to you in the shape of advice.

Lady Kingswood paused for a moment, for her voice faltered at the last word.

Lady Maud did not speak, but the word "advice" had a strange, unpleasant sound in her ear.

Presently Lady Kingswood said—"Maud, you have a heart young, guileless, pure, inno cent, and, in my full belief, yet unsullied. You have been, fortunately, less surrounded by the frivolities of your station than many of your sex, moving in the same sphere. You have been spared, therefore, the temptations which accompany flattering attentions, low-breathed words, fascinating glances, and personal devotion of individuals of your own age, but of the opposite sex. I say temptations, because it is pleasing to poor human nature to create a sensation; especially is it attractive to woman's nature. She hears with inward delight that she has fascinated many, and beholds with silent exultation the homage paid to her by some whose court is held by the vain and self loving to be highly flattering when it should be deemed humiliating, and having once permitted herself to become intoxicated by adulation and by admiration, she looks for these servile compliments from every fresh introduction, and if they are not at once accorded, she tries to secure them by miserable artifices derogatory to her self-respect. Betrothed to one, she seeks to command the worship of a host; she ceases eventually to care for any one being, even him to whom she may be united by the holiest ties. She craves for admiration, and will incur all kinds of risks to command it. The inevitable result of this conduct, Maud, is—and mark you well, and remember what I now say to you—that the unhappy creature forfeits her husband's affection and sacrifices her own respect. She exposes herself to humiliation, insult, outrage; and she finds too late—too late!—that for the emptiest mockery, the flimsiest vain-glory, she has bartered all the treasures of irreproachable integrity, of unsullied serenity of mind, and unclouded home-happiness, leaving herself, alas! alas! Maud, only unspeakable misery."

She covered her eyes with her hands, and Maud, as she gazed upon her in mute astonishment, beheld scalding and glittering drops fall through her fingers.

If she had been previously amazed by Lady Kingswood's advocacy of Philip Avon's claims, she was now quite bewildered by the homily to which she had listened. Why it should be addressed to her she was at a loss to comprehend. She had seen in London society young maidens of her own age or but little older, practising all the arts, wiles, and witchery which her sex possessed to ensnare and to captivate as many followers, for that is the proper term, as they could, but she took little heed of it beyond that it created within her breast a feeling of repugnance for those who indulged in it. She had been herself flattered, courted, followed, but beyond being polite to the flatterer and coldly courteous to the adulator, she had neither felt nor betrayed any satisfaction at receiving homage or a desire for its repetition. Certainly she was not conscious of having flirted, and decidedly she was not desirous of winning the affections of any other than him she loved. She was certainly mystified by the language Lady Kingswood addressed to her.

She laid her hand gently on Lady Kingswood's neck, and whispered—"Pray do not weep,—Lady Kingswood, you distress me deeply to see you so unhappy. Tell me, I entreat you, what I have done to make you speak to me thus. I am unconscious of having—"

"Hush—hush," suddenly interrupted Lady Kingswood, looking up to her with weeping eyes. "I have never charged you with conduct such as I have described. Nay, I know that you have never been guilty of it. I only speak to you in words of caution. We change, Maud; time, circumstances, change us. There are thousands who, in their days of innocence, have never dreamed what guilty things they should become. Some have fallen because they have wantonly hurried to the brink of perdition, others have been lured, tempted, and then thrust into the horrible gulf, but come it how it may, the change has been wrought. I speak to you for your guidance in the future, not to suggest atonement for the past. I counsel you to avoid the errors into which others have fallen, that you may at least not have your own weak vanities and follies to blame if you do not in your future life obtain happiness. I set out with telling you that you have a heart, and I have been endeavoring to point out to you that you should preserve it from the insidious attacks of the crafty and the designing. A girl so young as you, Maud, is too prone to be deceived respecting the surrender of her heart. She is fascinated, attracted, and believes she loves. Woe to her if she finds out her mistake when it is too late to repair the error. When she does love, her heart is drawn from her despite her efforts to the contrary. She knows that she really loves, when she finds that no mortal joy, no good, no place, no position is pleasureable to her without the presence or the association of him who has won her love. For him no heart-offerings or wealth-offerings are too great, no sacrifices too exacting to make. If it would be joy to live for him, so would it be to die for him, did his happiness or his honor need it. This is woman's love. You have already told me, Maud, that you love. Do you, in my description, find an illustration of your own?"

"I do—I do, Lady Kingswood, in very earnest truth I do," cried Lady Maud, excitedly. "If I am young, if my youthful hopes and aspirations are susceptible of being deceived, I am not deceived in that I love. Cheerfully, Lady Kingswood, will I part with home, name, rank, wealth, all for him. I have no reserve—I—I have not known parents to love. I have ever felt a tender attachment for you, dear Lady Kingswood, but where my heart is bestowed there rests my life. I have no worldly things by which I can estimate its value to me, because nothing I own, heaped up in one galaxy of wealth, were it thrice ten thousand times its value, will compare the wealth I find in him I love. Lady Kingswood, if he hated me I should love him still. My deep attachment rests not in what he has said to me, in the way he has acted to me, in the service he has rendered me, in the tenderness he may have professed for me. It is not that he is handsome in person, noble in mind, generous in thought, and spotless in his honor that I love him. I have seen those qualities in others without being affected by them; in him they are attributes which add to the force of my affection; but, oh, Lady Kingswood—is it wrong of me to say—that—that—if he possessed none of—these high qualifications, I should still love him?"

"He would never have won your love without them, Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood. "Yet—yet—"

She passed her hands over her eyes as if she had been smitten by a sudden spasm.

Lady Maud's hand trembled on her shoulder, as she murmured—"Oh, Lady Kingswood, do I not love? I am not deceived; I am not deceived. I have no other thought, no other hope than what is centred in him, and if I love not now, then shall I never love!"

"I fear, Lady Maud," exclaimed Lady Kingswood, with a shudder, "it is even as you say. You have surrendered your maiden love; it is lost irrevocably—"

"Not lost! oh, no, Lady Kingswood," interposed Maud; "given freely and fully, and meeting with a rich response. You will yet live to congratulate me upon its possession."

Lady Kingswood shook her head and murmured—"That will never come to pass."

"I have at least convinced you that I love?" urged Lady Maud.

"You have indeed," responded Lady Kingswood, with a deep sigh.

"And now, Lady Kingswood, will you consign me to the horrible fate of giving my hand to Philip Avon, a creature for whom I entertain sentiments of the most painful antipathy?" asked Lady Maud, almost triumphantly.

"No—no—no," exclaimed Lady Kingswood, hurriedly, and in an under tone. "I would not do it, I would not, but the disposal of your hand rests not with me; if it did, I would say to you—wed not—shut yourself in a cloister, bury yourself in some secluded spot, live in the centre of some pathless forest, anywhere where man comes not."

"Save him I love," subjoined Lady Maud, in a playful tone.

But the large tears stood thickly in Lady Kingswood's eyes. "Poor child!" she exclaimed, sadly, "all truth yourself, you have implicit faith in the truthfulness of others—What if, after professing the deepest attachment to you, Maud, you hereafter discover that you have been duped, tricked, cheated, that his long course of professed love has been a studied lie? that while foisting his caresses on you, he has been lavishing them upon another? that he has deceived, wronged, shamed you, blighted your happiness, blasted your fame, and made you a shame, a mockery, a finger-point?"

"In the name of heaven, do not conjure up such horrible conceptions!" cried Lady Maud, with a shudder. "It is not possible that any living being could have acted so wickedly!"

"It is not only possible, Maud, but it is nearer to you than you dream," returned Lady Kingswood. "However, let it pass for the present; it cannot go altogether unpunished. For yourself and your unhappy attachment, I, alas! can only leave you and it to your fate; may both be happier than I foresee! I have fulfilled the task I had resolved to undertake. I have counselled and I have warned you. I ask of you only, as it seems to me inevitable that we must soon part, to think of my warning, and to profit by it. But if you do wed, and you find him you have chosen to be faithful to you, loving, and tender of your happiness, no deviation, no services of affection, no thoughtfulness to secure his earthly felicity, no constancy of ministration to his comfort and to his joys which you can bestow upon him can overpay his deserts. Be sure, too, that all your solicitous efforts to secure his happiness will end in the accomplishment of your own."

Lady Kingswood sank into a seat as if exhausted by her efforts to converse as much as by her emotions.

Poor Lady Maud was much affected by Lady Kingswood's concluding words. They painted exactly the course she prescribed for herself, should she ever be united to Erle, for, to her thinking, no pleasure in the world could be greater to her than to minister in any way to his happiness.

Presently Lady Kingswood lifted up her downcast head, and said,—"I am ill, dear Maud, and unable to maintain a conversation further with you. Come to me about this time to-morrow, I—I—will talk with you again."

"Shall I send for medical advice for you, dear Lady Kingswood?" asked Lady Maud, hastily.

"No—no," returned Lady Kingswood, in a

low, sad tone; "my illness is of the mind, Maud. No medicine can minister to it, and prayer can alone render me aid."

"Has aught specially disturbed your mind this morning?" inquired Maud, hesitatingly.

"No," replied Lady Kingswood. "Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Philip Avon has been here," she replied, in the same manner. "I thought you might have had an interview with him, and his rudeness—"

"No," replied Lady Kingswood; "I have not seen him, nor have I been informed of his arrival. I do not wish to see him, and if he should inquire for me, you will please to give instructions that he be informed I am not well and cannot be disturbed."

"I will do as you wish, Lady Kingswood," answered Lady Maud; "but before I depart, let me remind you that you have made no allusion to my errand to you."

"What errand?" inquired Lady Kingswood, almost listlessly.

"It is a message from Lord Kingswood," returned Lady Maud.

She was startled by the manner in which Lady Kingswood sprang from her seat.—"Lord Kingswood?" she repeated, almost wildly. "When did it come? how? who brought it? what is it?"

"Lord Kingswood is here," replied Lady Maud, with an air of surprise.

"Here! what, at Kingswood Hall—beneath this roof with me! *me! ME!*" she exclaimed, with passionate emphasis.

She towered to her full height, and extended her arms downwards, with her hands clenched. Her face was pale as ashes, her eyes absolutely glared on Lady Maud, and her teeth were firmly set together.

Lady Maud shrank back affrighted. "In the name of mercy, Lady Kingswood, what has happened?" she cried; "you terrify me when you look in this way at me. I implore you to be calm. Why are you thus excited? Lord Kingswood wishes very anxiously to see you; he requested me to say that he had some matters of the utmost importance to communicate to you. Lady Kingswood, listen to me, I beseech you!"

"I hear you, Maud, I hear you!" she exclaimed, hoarsely. "I comprehend his lordship's anxiety to see me."

"Indeed, Lady Kingswood, he seemed to be very anxious," responded Lady Maud. "His lordship begged of me to prevail upon you to grant him an interview; he has something to communicate to you which, he said, would be calculated to restore you to your native health and spirits."

"Some cunningly-forged lie, no doubt," rejoined Lady Kingswood, bitterly; "some cozening, speciously-framed tale to delude me; but I have heard too much already, and wish not to have it crowned by his justification of himself."

"I know not what to say, Lady Kingswood," said Lady Maud, with a perplexed air. "It is only painfully evident to me that some unhappy circumstances have arisen to occasion a division of feeling between you and Lord Kingswood. As I am quite ignorant of the occasion of your dispute, I can only lament that it should have occurred.—Both your ladyship and Lord Kingswood speak to me in riddles. I am at a loss to understand what is meant beyond that Lord Kingswood desires greatly to confer with your ladyship, and your ladyship seems very much indisposed to comply with the request."

"What if I were to see him, he cannot alter the past?" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, between her teeth; "he cannot make reparation for a wrong that is irreparable; he cannot expiate that which is unatonable. He may attempt to patch up and mend a broken heart, but he cannot make it whole again."

"Yet would it not be at least kind to hear him?" urged Lady Maud.

Lady Kingswood shook her head.

"His lordship said something about asserting his prerogative," added Lady Maud.

"*He threatens*, does he?" said Lady Kingswood, with a contemptuous smile.

Lady Maud clasped her hands appealingly, but said nothing further.

Lady Kingswood mused for a minute, and then suddenly, and with a strange emphasis, said—"Well, Lady Maud, he shall have his prayer granted. I will see him! oh, yes! I will see him!"

"When?" inquired Lady Maud, eagerly.

"To-morrow, Maud, to-morrow; just one hour after you have visited me," she replied, with a peculiar expression. "Say to-morrow—and now leave me. I shall faint if I attempt to carry on this conversation longer."

She warmly, passionately embraced Maud, and then pointing to the door, sank, sobbing hysterically, into a chair.

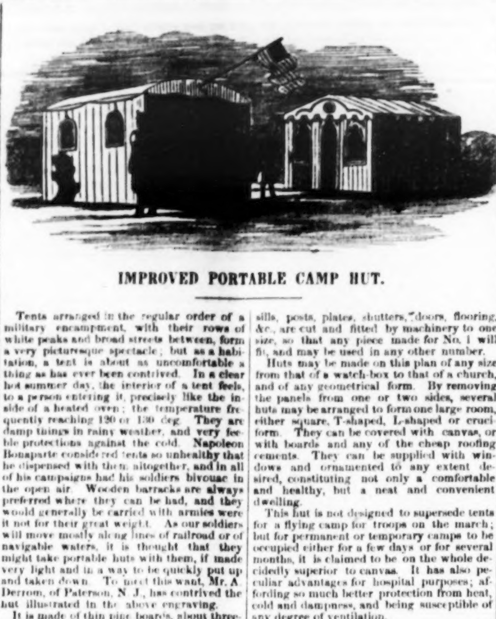
Lady Maud, gazing at her sorrowfully, slowly retired from the apartment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Old School Presbyterian Church.—The following resolutions (Dr. Spring's) passed the General Assembly, meeting in this city, by 154 ayes to 66 nays. The nays voted against the resolution mainly as uncalled for in a religious body. The ayes said the history of the church was full of precedents for such action. The Southern members thought it might put them in an unpleasant situation, and generally voted nay. The resolutions read:—

Resolved, That, in view of the present agitated and unhappy condition of this country, the 4th day of July next be hereby set apart as a day of prayer throughout our bounds, and that on this day ministers and people are called on humbly to confess and bewail their national sins, and to offer our thanks to the Father of light for His abundant and undeserved goodness towards us as a nation, to seek his guidance and blessing upon our rulers and their councils, as well as the assembled Congress of the United States, and to implore Him, in the name of Jesus Christ, the great High Priest of the Christian profession, to turn away His anger from us, and speedily restore to us the blessings of a safe and honorable peace.

Resolved, That in the judgment of this Assembly, it is the duty of the ministers and churches under its care to do all in their power to promote and perpetuate the integrity of the United States, and to strengthen, uphold and encourage the Federal Government in the just exercise of all its functions, under our noble Constitution.



IMPROVED PORTABLE CAMP HUT.

Tents arranged in the regular order of a military encampment, with their rows of white peaks and broad streets between, form a very picturesque spectacle; but as a habitation, a tent is about as uncomfortable a thing as has ever been contrived. In a clear hot summer day, the interior of a tent feels, to a person entering it, precisely like the inside of a heated oven; the temperature frequently reaching 120 or 130 deg. They are damp things in rainy weather, and very feeble protections against the cold. Napoleon Bonaparte considered tents so unhealthy that he dispensed with them altogether, and in all of his campaigns had his soldiers bivouac in the open air. Wooden barracks are always preferred where they can be had, and they would generally be carried with armies were it not for their great weight. As our soldiers will move mostly along lines of railroad or of navigable waters, it is thought that they might take portable huts with them, if made very light and in a way to be quickly put up and taken down. To meet this want, Mr. A. Derrom, of Paterson, N. J., has contrived the hut illustrated in the above engraving.

It is made of thin pine boards, about three-eighths of an inch in thickness, formed into panels, which are secured to a light frame also of pine. The several pieces of the frame are connected together by dovetail joints, very similar to those employed for joining the pieces of a bedstead together. The panels are secured to the upright posts and to the plates by means of grooves in the posts and plates into which the edges of the panels are introduced; the panels entering at right angles, making the frame exceedingly stiff and perfectly perpendicular to the floor. This mode of fastening, while it is very secure and stiff, enables the hut to be put up or taken down in a few minutes. The material is also easily packed for transportation, as no piece weighs more than 25 pounds. All the parts, sills, posts, plates, shutters, doors, flooring, &c., are cut and fitted by machinery to one size, so that any piece made for No. 1 will fit, and may be used in any other number.

Huts may be made on this plan of any size from that of a watch-box to that of a church, and of any geometrical form. By removing the panels from one or two sides, several huts may be arranged to form one large room, either square, T-shaped, L-shaped or cruciform. They can be covered with canvas, or with boards and any of the cheap roofing cements. They can be supplied with windows and ornamented to any extent desired, constituting not only a comfortable and healthy, but a neat and convenient dwelling.

This hut is not designed to supersede tents for a flying camp for troops on the march; but for permanent or temporary camps to be occupied either for a few days or for several months, it is claimed to be on the whole decidedly superior to canvas. It has also peculiar advantages for hospital purposes; affording so much better protection from heat, cold and dampness, and being susceptible of any degree of ventilation.

Besides its use for military purposes this cottage is admirably adapted to many uses in civil life. As a temporary habitation at the seashore, or in country places, it will frequently be found far cheaper, more comfortable and more agreeable in every respect than the small rooms of crowded hotels. It will also be convenient for railroad or other contractors, for emigrants on the prairies, for traders who want small offices, and for many other purposes.

Application for a patent for this invention has been made through the Scientific American Patent Agency, and further information in relation to it may be obtained by addressing the inventor at Paterson, N. J., or H. V. Butler, No. 13 Park-place, New York.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

WASHINGTON.

The New York Second Regiment has been entirely disbanded for refusing to enlist for three years.

Lieut. Colonel Farnham, of the N. Y. Zouaves, is gradually getting them into a better state of subordination. Gen McDowell said of them a day or two since that after a little weeding there could be no better material for soldiers.

Gen. Scott says that "the only General that he is afraid of is general impatience." One would think that by this time, people generally would recognize the wisdom of his policy of making haste slowly.

The new Military Department of Kentucky, to the command of which Col. Robert Anderson has just been assigned, embraces so much of that State as lies within a hundred miles of the Ohio river. The head-quarters for the present is to be Louisville.

Kit Carson is soon to be employed on active service.

The Fairfax cavalry company recently captured by the Michigan regiment at Alexandria, express great satisfaction at the kindness with which they have been treated since their arrest, and are perfectly willing to take the oath of allegiance, many of them having been forced to go into the disunion service through fear of personal injury at the hands of the State authorities.

Ex Governor Banks and Col. Fremont have been appointed Major Generals. The latter will command in the West.

The camps are now connected by a line of telegraph, and in three hours the whole force in and around Washington can be concentrated at one point, if necessary.

Sewall's Point.—Captain Engle, of the Navy, has just returned from a survey of the position of the Rebels at Sewall's Point. He reports that the Point is held by four thousand Rebel troops, and that a powerful battery is erected on the shore. The place is skillfully defended by works, and the task of capturing it would be great. Captain Engle, however, does not regard its capture as at all necessary for the purposes of the Government, for the present at least, especially as vessels of war can pass the Point without incurring the peril of injury from the battery. Captain Engle reports that the position can be turned by a rear movement, and that by cutting off their communications with the main land the Rebels can be starved out.

Fort Pickens.—Lieut. Slemmer reached Washington on the 29th ult. He is completely worn out, and is very thin. His command are now at Fort Hamilton. He says there is no doubt of the safety of Fort Pickens; that 10,000 men can be landed at any time. The Rebels are no longer enthusiastic and confident of a victory, as they were after the fall of Sumter. Their attention is now drawn to the North. He thinks no attack will be made upon the Fort, but should one be attempted, the Federal troops can resist it without much trouble, and the slaughter of the Rebels will be immense.

Hugh Maher, of Chicago, is the lowest bidder for the great beef contract for the army. He offers to deliver it here for $4.48 per 100 pounds.

It has been determined by the Government to give every man, of whatever rank, serving in the army or navy, a diploma on parchment, or parchment paper, signed by the President and heads of Departments.

Fugitive Slaves.—The special messenger that left for Fortress Monroe, takes with him the following letter:—

Washington, May 30, 1861.

Sir:—Your action in respect to the negroes who came within your lines from the service of the Rebels is approved. The Department is sensible of the embarrassments which must surround officers considering military operations in a State, by the laws of which slavery is sanctioned. The Government cannot recognize the rejection by any State of the Federal obligations, nor can it refuse the performance of the Federal obligations resting upon itself. Among these Federal obligations, however, none can be more important than that of suppressing and dispersing armed combinations formed for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority.

While, therefore, you will permit no interference by the persons under your command with their relations of persons held to service under the laws of any State, you will, on the other hand, so long as any State within which your military operations are conducted is under the control of such armed combinations, refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who may come within your lines. You will employ such persons in the services to which they may be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination.

Simon Cameron,
Secretary of War.

To Major General Butler.

A gentleman, who has just reached this city from Manassas Gap, having rode for a number of miles in the baggage wagons of the First Regiment South Carolina militia, commanded by Col. Maxey Gregg, says that that regiment is one thousand strong, and were accompanied by two hundred negroes, who carried their masters' arms, knapsacks, and, in many cases, an extra hat. The guns were strapped on to the backs of the negroes.

ILLINOIS.

About six acres at the point in Cairo are being raised above high water mark—and will be strongly fortified. The earth is brought 12 miles.

Bird's Point, in Missouri, opposite Cairo, is held by a St. Louis regiment of U. S. volunteers. Orders for a movement down the Mississippi are anxiously awaited at Cairo, as the mosquitoes are very large and voracious, and sing even worse than minie bullets.

MARYLAND.

The vote in Cecil county on the 29th was 400 Union to 15 Secession.

A States' Right Secession Democratic party has been organized in Baltimore, and will make nominations for Congress.

About forty Baltimore Secessionists, who went to Harper's Ferry, have returned, complaining of a great scarcity of food and bad treatment.

VIRGINIA.

The Newtown Marion Rifles, Capt. Watson, a company attached to Col. Roger A. Pryor's secession regiment, consisting of seventy-five men, voted, last Thursday, seventy-four to one against secession. They were disbanded the next day by Col. Pryor. "Newtown" is a part of Portsmouth.

Fortress Monroe.—A force of 2,500 men, embracing the Vermont and Ninth Massachusetts regiments, and the Steuben Guards of New York, with a few regulars and four pieces of artillery, formed on the 27th ult. an entrenched camp at Newport News near the mouth of James River, and about ten miles from the fort, across Hampton Roads.

Newport News also commands to a great extent the Peninsula between the James and York rivers. A large force is to be assembled there, and so important a movement is likely to meet opposition.

About three hundred fugitive slaves have come in. They were provided with rations and set to work, their services being greatly needed. They represent that they were to be sent south, or to be put to work on the rebel batteries.

Movement on Western Virginia.—On the 27th the first regiment Virginia volunteers left Wheeling for Grafton. They were supported by three Ohio regiments, who crossed the river the same day. They moved on to Grafton, which the secessionists evacuated in great haste, politely leaving their victuals cooked, but not eaten. The following is a copy of Gen McClellan's proclamation to the Union men of Western Virginia:—

Head-Quarters Department of Ohio,
Cincinnati, May 26th, 1861.

To the Union Men of Western Virginia:—

Virginians.—The General Government has long enough endured the machinations of a few factious rebels in your midst. Armed traitors have in vain endeavored to deter you from expressing your loyalty at the polls. Having failed in this infamous attempt to deprive you of the exercise of your dearest rights, they now seek to inaugurate a reign of terror, and thus force you to yield to their schemes and submit to the yoke of the traitorous conspiracy dignified by the name of Southern Confederacy. They are destroying the property of the citizens of your State, and ruining your magnificent railways.

The General Government has heretofore carefully abstained from sending troops across the Ohio, or even from posting them along its banks, although frequently urged by many of your prominent citizens to do so. It determined to await the result of the State election, desirous that no one might be able to say that the slightest effort had been made from this side to influence the expression of your opinion; although the many agencies brought to bear upon you by the rebels were well known. You have now shown, under the most adverse circumstances, that the great mass of the people of Western Virginia are true and loyal to that beneficent government under which we and our fathers have lived so long.

As soon as the result of the election was known the traitors commenced their work of destruction.

The General Government cannot close its ear to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered the troops to cross the river.

They come as your friends and brothers, as enemies only to the armed rebels who are preying upon you. Your homes, your families, and your property are safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected.

Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe that our advent among you will be signalized by interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly. Not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part.

Now that we are in your midst, I call upon you to fly to arms and support the General Government; sever the connection that binds you to traitors; proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long trusted by the Old Dominion are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you remain true to the stars and stripes.

(Signed) G. B. McClellan,
Major-General Commanding.

☞ At a recent exhibition of paintings, a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descanted at some length upon its merits, the boy remarked—"Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

☞ In the free States there are 3,778,000 white males between the ages of 18 and 45, and 1,655,000 in the slaveholding States.

☞ A woman who recently had her butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to a cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

☞ Married life often begins with rosewood and ends with pine. Think of that, my dears, before you furnish your parlors.

☞ During the campaign of 1814, a young Norman conscript was standing at support arms. "Why don't you fire?" said his lieutenant, furiously.

"Why should I fire on these men?" replied the greenhorn; "they haven't done anything to me."

At that moment his comrade fell dead beside him.

"Lieutenant," said the rustic, beginning to wake up, "I believe those chaps are firing bullets."

"Of course they are, booby, and they will kill you."

With that the conscript began to blaze away, and fought like a tiger till the close of the action.

☞ If you are too fat and would like to fall off, mount a vicious horse.

☞ A family recently lost an infant child of exceeding beauty. After his death, a lady inquired of his little sister, scarce four years old, if she knew where Eddy was. Her reply was—"Oh, yes; Eddy was so pretty that God was in a hurry to see him, and so he sent for him."

☞ "Very good, but rather, too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

☞ "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just." But six times armed is he who owns a good revolver.

☞ "Go to thunder," is now rendered—take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of Heaven's artillery.

☞ True beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

☞ Gossip is one of the meanest as well as one of the most degraded crimes that society tolerates.

☞ The flower of love can never flourish upon a soil that is not moistened by the dews of respect and admiration.

☞ They who walk on the heads of the multitude walk insecurely. Men's head are a dangerous footing.

I'm apt to think the man
That could surmount the sum of things, and spy
The heart of God, and secrets of his empire,
Would speak but love. With him, *the bright result*
Would change the hue of intermediate scenes,
And make one thing of all theology.—*Chalmers.*

☞ P. Green asks if it is not rather inhuman not to allow invalids to *recruit?*

☞ There is a story that a resident of Annapolis, who once attempted to improve the place by erecting a two-story house, was lodged in jail, and there kept in close confinement as a meddlesome person, who might, if allowed to pursue his own course, ruin the place.

☞ Bill came running into the house, the other day, and asked eagerly:—"Where does charity begin?" "At home," replied Tom, in the language of the proverb. "Not a bit of it," rejoined Bill; "it begins at sea (c)."

DEATH OF DOUGLAS.

Senator Douglas died at Chicago, at 9 o'clock, of the 3rd. Great regret is expressed by all parties at Chicago at the loss of so able and energetic a man.

Seizure of Arms.—Baltimore, June 3.—Gov. Hicks, this morning, demanded and received the muskets of the Baltimore City Guards, 139 in number, and had them conveyed to Fort McHenry.

Several men who were about to start for Harper's Ferry were arrested, this morning, and lodged in the Fort.

Fortress Monroe.—The Naval Brigade is not accepted. It will have to go back to New York.

Washington.—It is said to have been decided in the Cabinet meeting of Saturday, to make a new levy of seventy-five thousand men to serve three years or during to war.

The Corner-Stone of the Capitol.

A correspondent of the Bangor (Maine) Whig tells the following very interesting story of Washington:—

Recent events have recalled very forcibly to my mind the following incident, which may perhaps prove interesting to your readers at the present time:

Being on a visit to Washington during the recess of Congress in the spring of 1857, I walked one day with a friend to view the works which were then already in progress for the extension of the Capitol. As we sauntered among the pillars of the basement of the old building, we fell in with a venerable looking man, who seemed to be there upon the same business that we were. We entered into conversation with him, and he informed us that he was a Virginia man, raised a few miles down the river, not far from Mount Vernon.

"Very likely, then," we remarked, "you may recollect General Washington?"

"Perfectly well," he replied. "Indeed, I saw him when he laid the foundation of this building. I was but a boy then," he continued, "but I remember very distinctly how he looked as he stood in this way over the stone and settled it in its place with a pry. It was a huge stone, and as placed must have required no little strength to move it.—But the General was a very athletic man, and moved it apparently with ease. There were a number of boys there from our neighborhood, and it was a standing marvel to us all how the General moved that stone. A few days after the General happened to be riding by our school-house on horseback, as we were playing outside. We all pulled off our hats to him, and he stopped and spoke to us very pleasantly. One of the boys cried out—

"'Please, General, tell us how it was you moved that great stone, up yonder, the other day?'

"'Why, boys,' said he, smiling, 'did I move the stone?'

"'Oh, yes, General, you moved it—we all saw you.'

"'Well, boys,' said the General, looking very serious and speaking slowly and shaking his long finger at us as he spoke, '*do you see that nobody ever moves that stone again!*'"

LAST HOURS OF LAFAYETTE.

No life had ever been more passionate than his; no man ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other prepossessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that with uncertain gestures he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore suspended round his neck. M. de Lafayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. The medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madam de Lafayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus, already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died.

In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family that M. de Lafayette had always wished to be buried in the same cemetery adjoining the Convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of the victims of the revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards, and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the Boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of Convent Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior enclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passing through the convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present public; politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled.—*Guizot's Memoirs.*

Proposed Direct Taxation at the South.—The Montgomery correspondent of the Savannah Republican, writing under date of the 14th ult., has the following:

"It is feared that the blockade of Lincoln will seriously diminish the revenue, unless speedily raised, and if not, the Government will have to resort to direct taxation in order to provide for its support. The plan will prove acceptable to the people, and will be more effective than a mere dependence upon an uncertain income. Some one has suggested, though not officially, the project of levying a tax of four per cent. upon slaves; but considering the average value of the slaves at present to be four hundred dollars, the income will not exceed thirty-six millions.—The Secretary of War alone estimates for thirty-five millions, and it is probable that at least one hundred will be needed for disbursement this year. We may, therefore, confidently expect a system of direct taxation in case any inconvenience is experienced in collections of the customs revenue."

Preservation of Stone.—At a late meeting of the Institute of British Architects, Sir Henry Rawlinson stated that the old Assyrians were acquainted with modes of preserving stone from decay. In Mesopotamia he had seen a huge rock, the whole face of which was covered with inscriptions, coated over with some kind of varnish, which he supposed was the silicate of lime. These inscriptions were executed 900 years before Christ, were in a perfect state of preservation, and the varnish was harder than the limestone rock beneath it.

☞ Love cannot fully admit the feelings that the beloved object may die; all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves.

☞ "Those dear eyes of thine," as the old gentleman said when he bought his wife another pair of ten-dollar spectacles.

SKIRMISH AT FAIRFAX.

A Dash into Fairfax—A Second Dash and a Rescue.

Washington, June 1.—Last night Company B, of the Second Cavalry, consisting of 47 privates under Lieut. Tompkins and 2nd Lieut. Gordon, and three members of the New York Fifth Regiment, Quartermaster Fearing, Assistant Quartermaster Carey, and Adjutant Frank, were reconnoitering within three hundred yards of Fairfax Court House, by the Winchester road, when they were fired on by two of a picket guard. One of them they took prisoner, and the other escaped, though fired at. The dragoons then charged into the village from the north side, and were fired on from the Union hotel, formerly kept by Jas. Jackson, who murdered Ellsworth. The man firing on them was instantly shot down.

The dragoons then charged through the principal streets of the village, and were fired on from many houses, and by platoons from behind fences. Having passed thus to the end of the village, they wheeled about and instantly charged back, and were then met by two considerable detachments with a field piece. Turning again, they cut through a third detachment in the rear, and left the village, bringing with them five prisoners, and killing throughout the engagement twenty-seven men. Two of the United States cavalry were killed, two are missing, and Assistant Quartermaster Carey of the New York Fifth was wounded in the foot. Lieut. Tompkins had two horses shot under him, and the last in falling on his leg injured it slightly.

Washington, June 2.—A gentleman direct from the neighborhood of Fairfax Court House, state that during last night, word was received at the camp of the N. Y. Twenty-eighth Regiment, that the two dragoons missing from Company B, which made the sally on Fairfax Court House on Saturday morning, were captured by the rebels, and were to be hung this morning. Company B was immediately summoned from their quarters, and mounting, rode up to the Court House, and having by some means ascertained the precise locality of their imprisoned comrades, made a dash through the village, and recovered the two men, whom they brought back with triumph to camp at daybreak.

The five rebel prisoners brought away from the Court House are in this city. One of them, a son of the late Major Washington, of the army, said that he did not want to fight against the United States, and made amends by taking the oath of allegiance. The other four refused to subscribe to it, and were detained.

ATTACK ON AQUIA CREEK.

The rebel batteries on the Potomac at Aquia Creek, have been twice bombarded—the last time by the Freeborn, Anacostia and Pawnee. The rebel force is supposed to be eight guns and 2,000 men.

For the first two hours the fire from the shore batteries was very brisk, but was returned with more expedition by the Pawnee. During the expedition she fired one hundred and sixty shells, one of which was seen to explode immediately over the heads of the rebels who were working the battery. The observer through a telescope saw a number of the rebels carried away in wagons. During that time the movement among the rebels was exceedingly brisk. The Freeborn lodged three shells in succession in the beach battery, perceptibly damaging the works, which had also the effect of greatly diminishing the fire.

The Freeborn received two shots, one of which passed through the cabin, damaging some of the crockery, but not the vessel, except making a passage through the bulwarks, of slight consequence.

The Pawnee received eight or nine shots, but all too high to inflict much damage.

The Anacostia returned, the Pawnee and Freeborn hauling off beyond the range of the enemy's fire.

The railroad depot and buildings on shore at the landing are destroyed.

The damage to the beach battery is not considered permanent, as the rebels can soon repair it. It is safe to say that at least ten or twelve were killed on the part of the rebels, and it is not known how many may be wounded.

All the officers engaged in the fight concur in the opinion that the rebels have a rifled cannon, and perhaps several, and in all it is supposed there are about eight guns mounted.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mary W. Dennis, six feet two inches high, is First Lieutenant of the Stillwater Company, Minnesota Regiment. She baffled even the inspection of the Surgeon of the Regiment in discovering her sex, but was recognized by a St. Paul printer, who became shockingly frightened at her threats of vengeance upon him if he exposed her, and he decamped.

Ex-Governor Pratt, of Maryland, has been arrested at Annapolis, by order of the Government, and taken to the Washington Navy Yard.

On the arrival of the Vermont Regiment at Newport-Newspoint, a planter named Parrish, owning 30 slaves, gave them their freedom, urging as a reason that he could not get them to work, unless the Colonel commanding gave them permission to do so. He immediately after packed up and went to Richmond, Va.

The Secretary of War has declined to receive any more artillery at present.

Louisville, May 31.—The army worm is approaching this vicinity in vast numbers, threatening to destroy all the cereals.

The New York Seventh has returned home from Washington. The members are nearly all in business, and went off in great haste, merely to protect the capital until other troops could arrive. They enlisted only for one month.

The exodus of Southerners for the North by railroad through Louisville is unprecedented, and is partly attributed to the stoppage of the boats on the Mississippi river.

Gen. James Watson Webb, of New York, has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil.

Hon. Wm. M. Meredith has been appointed by the Governor, Attorney General of Pennsylvania.

Jeff. Davis has arrived at Richmond. He was accompanied by Wigfall and Toombs. The clerks at Montgomery are preparing to follow suit. It is a good idea, as they can all be captured together.

Seizing the Mail.—Baltimore, June 2.—The rebels at Harper's Ferry seized the Western mail coming East this morning, and emptied the mail car.

East Tennessee.—A letter from Tennessee, states that East Tennessee will give a great majority for Union, and that ten thousand troops can be raised in that section and twenty thousand in the State. Messrs. Nelson and Andrew Johnson are taking a noble stand against the rebels.

New York, June 2.—The steamer Thos. Swann sailed this morning for Fort Pickens with 40,000 feet of lumber, eight rifle cannon, 2,500 bombs, 2,500 cannon balls, and a large quantity of ammunition, &c.

Arkansas.—The correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, says that a strong Union feeling exists in western Arkansas, and that if the secession ordinance was submitted to the people, it would be defeated by three to one in that section of the State.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE HARVEST COMMENCED.—New flour from this year's wheat has made its appearance in parts of South Alabama and Georgia.

COMMODORE PAULDING has deemed it prudent to re-arrange and to reform the entire Navy Signal Book, so that, although full sets of books have been appropriated by the deserters, they will prove absolutely of no avail.

SPADES ARE TRUMPS.—Last Friday week an impromptu meeting of the Home Guards was organized at Medford, Mass., and the members proceeded to the gardens of those of their neighbors now serving their country in the Federal army, well armed with spades, hoes, rakes, seeds, &c., with which they soon prepared the soil, and planted the beds in good style. This is really an example worthy of imitation.

"REWARDS FOR DESERTERS" are common in the Southern papers. The Augusta (Ga.) Constitutionalist, of May 19, contains an advertisement of thirty dollars reward apiece for *twenty deserters*, who had stampeded since sundown the day before.

BUTLER'S SHREWDNESS.—A probable truthful story of Gen. Butler's professional freaks, is told by a young factory girl, formerly employed in one of the Lowell Mills. She had been discharged, and the corporation refusing to pay her, she sought legal redress, and retained Mr. Butler for her counsel. He listened to her case with much interest, and afterwards consulted the representative of the corporation, who still refused to pay the girl her wages. Butler then issued a writ, and attached the main water-wheel of the establishment, and by bringing the whole manufactory to a stop, the corporation, rather than allow their mill to remain idle and await the law's delay, paid the girl her wages and resumed operations.

THE Gen. Johnson now in command of the disunion troops at Harper's Ferry, is General Joe E. Johnson, ex-Quarter Master General U. S. Army,—cousin to ex Secretary Floyd, who got him promoted to the Quarter Master Generalship on the death of the late Gen. Jessup—and not Gen. Sidney Johnson, of Texas, who commanded the U. S. army in Utah.

THE Cape May (New Jersey) Wave represents the prospects of the fruit crop as remarkably good. Peach trees look finer than for many years; apples, pears and cherries uncommonly prosperous, and strawberries abundant.

THE Baltimore (Md.) Exchange states it as a fact that three sons of Captain Adams, now in command of the U. S. sloop-of-war Sabine are serving in the army of the Confederate States. It is reported that Captain Adams has been ordered home—his fidelity being doubted in the fleet.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"—Andrew Jackson Donelson has gone into active service, in the army of the Confederate States. What will he do with the sword which Gen. Jackson gave him, and which was only to be drawn in defence of the Union?

THE SOUTHERN CAPITAL.—Previous to the adjournment of the Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, a committee was appointed to arrange for public buildings for the use of the Secession Government in Richmond, Va., and the sum of $40,000 was appropriated to meet expenses.

REGULAR TROOPS.—About four thousand regular troops have been recalled from distant posts in the western country, leaving about eight thousand engaged in that portion of the service. Some of these may be called home. The places of the troops thus withdrawn will be supplied by militia men.

THE number of troops which have left New York for the seat of hostilities is twenty-six regiments, or about 25,000 men.

NEW ORLEANS, Mobile, and Galveston (Texas) are blockaded.

SENATOR DOUGLAS is very sick at Chicago—little hope being felt of his recovery.

THE buildings at the fort on Ship island, off the coast of Mississippi, were recently burnt by a U. S. vessel.

CHEAP LIVING.—Extra superfine flour is selling at Burlington, Kansas, at $4.25 per barrel, fresh butter at 7 to 9 cents a pound, eggs 6 cents a dozen, buffalo meat 8 to 10 cents per pound, and wood $1.50 per cord.

BY the 10th of June, it is believed that the blockade of all the Southern ports, Gulf and Atlantic, will be complete and effective.

"CRANE" WHEAT.—The Journal des Landes records one of the results of migratory habits in birds. A Medoc farmer and sportsman shot, in 1860, not an albatross, but a crane, on the wing southwards. Stored in its craw was abundant "provent" for the voyage, which on scrutiny struck the fowler as exhibiting wheat of a rather superior and rare variety. Sown last spring, it has yielded so heavy a crop as to be now in great request all over Gascony for seed. It is called bie de la grue, or crane wheat.

COTTON DOES AND WILL COME.—A few days since we noticed the entry at this port of a cargo of Cotton from Florida. The schooner Commerce, from Apalachicola, Florida, entered this morning with another cargo of this precious product. The rebel flag is printed at the head of the manifest, and the captain pays his fine of a hundred dollars—but cotton comes, and will come, as long as we want it. The latest Southern papers are in ecstasies over their crop prospects, and say that the fields never looked finer.—*N. Y. Post.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and stocks continue moderate, and the market has ruled very inactive during the entire week, the sales of Flour only reaching some 6000 bbls, in small lots, partly for exports, at $5,25@5,37½ for Western spring Wheat superfine, $5,50@5,70 for winter do, the latter for good City Mills, and $5,62½@5,87½ for common and good extra, including 800 bbls good Lancaster Co., and 300 half bbls City Mills extra and extra family on terms kept private; and $6@7,25 ℔ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is not inquired for and dull at $3,50 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is also quiet, and Pennsylvania Meal is offered at $2,87½ ℔ bbl, without sales to any extent; we quote Brandywine at $3 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair demand for Wheat, and nearly all the good lots offered found buyers at about previous prices, the market, however, closing rather dull. Sales reach 44,000 bus, in lots, at $1,35@1,38 for common to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; the latter afloat; $1,38@1,40 for Southern do, and from $1,43 to $1,60 for common to good and choice white. Rye is dull, and selling, in a small way only, at 66@67c for Pennsylvania. Corn is unsettled and lower; about 36,000 bus sold at 60@58c for Southern and Pennsylvania yellow afloat, and 58@55c in store, including white, sold early in the week, at 63@65c, and inferior to good yellow, part Western mixed, at 50@54c, the market closing dull at 58c afloat and 56c in store. Oats have also been dull and neglected, and 15,000 bbls were disposed of, mostly at 30c for Pennsylvania, afloat.

PROVISIONS—The market is dull and drooping, with a small business doing in barreled meats, at $18@18½ for Mess Pork and $15@16 ℔ bbl for City Mess Beef. Of Bacon the sales are limited and prices of most kinds nominally unchanged. Green meats are also but little inquired for, about 300 casks pickled Hams sold on terms kept private, and Shoulders in salt at 5½@6c; nothing doing in sides. Lard is steady, with small receipts, and sales of tcs and bbls at 10c, and kegs 10½@11c ℔ lb. Butter moves off slowly at 10@12c, the latter for prime roll. Cheese is steady but quiet at 8½@9½c ℔ lb. Eggs are selling at 8@9c ℔ doz.

COTTON—There is little or no demand, and the transactions of the week only reach about 150 bales, taken in small lots within the range of 12½@15½c, cash, for Uplands and Gulf, as in quality.

ASHES move off as wanted, at previous quotations, but the demand for both kinds is limited.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly, and finds ready sale at $36½ for 1st No 1. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are also light at $11@12 for Spanish, $8½@10 for Chestnut, and $8 ℔ cord for Peach Oak.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and some good Yellow has been disposed of at 31c ℔ lb.

COAL—Holders are firm in their views, with a fair demand to go East, at fully former rates; the sales for home use are moderate for the season, and prices the same.

COFFEE—Some 1500 bags sold by private contract at 11¾@12½c, including Laguayra in lots at 13½@14c, all on the usual credit. The market closed with a better feeling.

COPPER—There is no quotable change in either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and very little doing in the way of sales.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit continues unsaleable, and prices nearly nominal.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 13 to 20c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are unsaleable.

IRON—There is no new feature in the market, and little or nothing doing in the way of sales, prices of Pig Metal being nearly nominal. Of manufactured Iron the sales are also limited, and prices about the same as last quoted.

LEAD continues unsettled and lower. A sale of 500 pigs Galena was made at $5,12½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—There is no change in White or Yellow Pine Boards, and very little doing in the way of sales; Susquehanna Boards range at $12@16; Hemlock raft Lumber sells at $6, and Lehigh Boards at $10. Laths and Pickets are plenty and prices unsettled and drooping; Southern Shingles are nearly all out of first hands; of White Pine do sales are making at $12@15 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market is dull and depressed, and the only transaction we hear of is 50 hhds Cuba at 17c, 4 mos.

PLASTER continues unsaleable, and we quote it nominally at $2@2,25 ℔ ton.

RICE—The demand is limited, and the sales in a retail way only at 6@6¼c ℔ lb.

SEEDS—The market continues at a stand still and without any change to note, the prices of all kinds being nearly nominal.

SPIRITS—The market for foreign is quiet and the holders of Brandy especially very firm in their views. N E Rum sells slowly at 30c. Of Whiskey the receipts and sales are light at 16@17c for Pennsylvania and Ohio bbls, 16½c for Drudge, which is very scarce, and 16½@17c for hhds.

SUGARS—The market has been very inactive, a few small lots of Cuba sold at 4½@5¼c, on time. 65 hhds damaged Porto Rico sold by auction at 4½@5¼c, cash.

TALLOW is firm but quiet at 9¼c for city and 8¾c for country rendered.

TOBACCO—The market generally is quiet, with some little of a speculative feeling in Leaf and Manufactured, which are mostly held above the views of buyers.

WOOL—The market continues very inactive, the demand being mostly for the low and medium grades, which are selling in a small way only within the range of 30@40c, cash, as in quality. Fine fleece is very dull, and prices are unsettled and nearly nominal.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1091 head. Prices varying from $7½ to 8 ℔ cwt. 50 Cows were sold at from $22 to 35 ℔ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from $4,00 to 4,25 ℔ cwt, gross. 750 Hogs brought from $6 to 6¾ ℔ cwt, net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. FRANCIS H. AUCHY, to Miss CAROLINE ANTRIAM, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the same, Mr. JAMES H. TATEM, to Miss SARAH C. VANSANT, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the same, Mr. GEORGE A. PEARSON, to Miss RACHEL M. TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, at Friends' Meeting-house, on Twelfth street, Philadelphia, WILLIAM J. SCOFIELD, of Montgomery county, Md. to JANE, daughter of the late Dr. Joseph Hartshorne, of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ALFRED H. BETTENCORT, to Mrs. MARY E. STRODER.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. R. Wood, of the Cohocksink M. E. Church, Mr. ALBERT ROBERTS, to Miss MARY E. HENDRICKSON, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. SAMUEL L. WRIGHT, to Miss MARY A. DIRKIN, both of Manayunk.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th ultimo, at the residence of his son-in-law, J. O. Pease, T. H. RATHBONE, aged 66 years, late of Utica.

On the 28th ultimo, BEULAH T. wife of Wm. C. Barker, and daughter of Saml. Townsend, in her 40th year.

In New York, on the 23d ultimo, AQUILA JONES, formerly of this city.

On Saturday evening, 25th ultimo, MARGARET H. wife of James Lynd.

On the 26th ultimo, ANNA R. daughter of Geo. D. and Sarah L. Parrish.

On Friday morning, the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MARY KELLY, wife of Dennis Kelly, in her 78th year.

On Sunday morning, the 26th ultimo, MARY BINNEY, wife of Wm. H. Rawle, in her 32d year.

At Washington, D. C. of pneumonia, in his 26th year, RICHARD SMETHURST, Jr. a volunteer in the Philadelphia Grays, Company G.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY F. MATHEWS, daughter of Geo. W. Mathews, and the late Mary L. Mathews, in her 18th year.

On the 26th ultimo, CHARLES MOORE, in his 59th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	½ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	½ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	— dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	20 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	2 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	2 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 5 dis.
Kentucky	3 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	30 dis.
Maryland	½ to 5 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	50 dis.
Mississippi	—		

A NEW PLEASURE.

"We have always considered the real Farina Cologne Water as the most modest and proper luxury for our toilet table, but the other day we were tempted by a stray bottle of BURNETT'S KALLISTON, prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Tremont Street. We yield it the palm; the effect is salutary and the perfume exquisite; after the application we feel as bland and balmy as a May morning."—*Boston Gazette.*

Prepared only by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.

Sold by dealers generally, at 50c. a bottle.

60 RECIPES and a Book Catalogue sent *free.* Address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y. jes-2t

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

I WANT

100 SMART MEN (unemployed) to sell WAR BOOKS. Sure to sell fast, and large profits given. Address GEORGE EDWARD SEARS, 181 William St., N. Y. je1-4t

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO., 37 North Sixth St., Philada. oct30-tf

Palmer's
PATENT LEG & ARM
PHILADELPHIA.

B. FRANK PALMER,

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philad'a.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS," (under the New Patents,) in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn, (though few are suspected) and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world,) attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "Palmer Limbs" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address

B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oc16-1y 1609 Chesnut St., Philada.

WHAT HAS JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE DONE?

It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
It has cured complicated Diseases.
It has cured BLINDNESS and WEAK EYES.
It has cured Disease of the HEART.
It has cured DROPSY and WATERY SWELLINGS.
It has cured WHITE SWELLINGS.
It has cured DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT.
It has removed ENLARGEMENT of the ABDOMEN, and of the Ovaries, and Bones and Joints.
It has cured ERYSIPELAS and Skin Diseases.
It has cured BOILS and CARBUNCLES.
It has cured GOUT, RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.
It has cured FUNGUS HEMATODES.
It has cured MANIA and MELANCHOLY.
It has cured MILK or WHITE LEG.
It has cured MERCURIAL Diseases.
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It has cured SCROFULA, or King's Evil.
It has cured ULCERS of every kind.
It has cured Diseases of the KIDNEYS and BLADDER.
It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.

In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

R. DOLLARD,

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PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eow1y

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

IS

THE ONLY DYE Ever analyzed
THE ONLY DYE Sworn to be poisonless
THE ONLY DYE For a living brown
THE ONLY DYE For a perfect black
THE ONLY DYE That defies detection
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ONLY DYE

For all who desire to have the color of their hair changed with safety, certainty, and rapidity, to any shade they may desire.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO, No. 6 Astor House, New York

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. may25-eow2t

BEAUTIFUL ARTIFICIAL MOUSTACHES. Cannot be distinguished from natural ones. Warranted to fit all. 30 cents a pair. 4 pairs, $1. Address W. F. HARRIS, St. Louis, Missouri.

100 AGENTS WANTED, both Male and Female, to act as Local or Travelling Agents. Liberal wages will be paid. For terms, &c., apply or address, L. L. TODD & CO., jes-4t 112 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass.

CEPHALIC PILLS

CURE
SICK HEADACHE;
CURE
NERVOUS HEADACHE;
CURE
ALL KINDS
OF
HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box.

Sold by Druggists and all other dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail pre-paid on receipt of the

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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48 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FOLLOWING ENDORSEMENTS OF
SPALDING'S
CEPHALIC PILLS,
WILL CONVINCE ALL WHO SUFFER FROM
HEADACHE,
THAT A
SPEEDY AND SURE CURE
IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. SPALDING, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

I wish you to send me one more box of your Cephalic Pills, *I have received a great deal of benefit from them.* Yours, respectfully,

MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

SPRUCE CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., PA., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING.

SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. B. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please find inclosed twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STOVER, P. M., Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before my customers. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, (usually lasting two days,) *was cured of an attack in one hour by your Pills,* which I sent her. Respectfully yours,

W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.,

DEAR SIR:

Inclosed find twenty-five cents, (25,) for which send box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your Pills work like a charm—cure Headache almost instanter.

Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually. ☜

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price, 25 cents.

Address, HENRY C. SPALDING, No. 48 CEDAR Street, New York.

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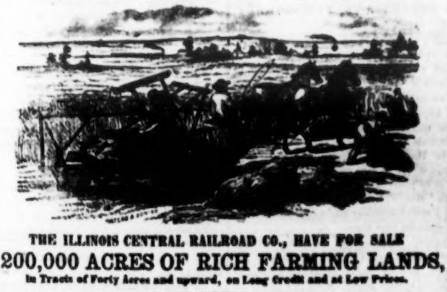
As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, ☜

is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-ly

Homes for the Industrious!

IN THE
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.



THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE
1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,
In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

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THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses; the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State debt is only $10,105,398 14, *and within the last three years has been reduced* $2,959,746 80, *and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.*

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of forty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 335,598 since which 479,293 have been added; making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse and grow up with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood land is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?
DO YOU WANT WHISKERS
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?
DO YOU WANT A MOUSTACHE?

BELLINGHAM'S
CELEBRATED
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FOR THE WHISKERS AND HAIR.

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Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD

IN THE SOUTH.

HIS TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

I had a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin' in comparison to my trubles. I came peaky near swearin' sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.), that I'll jine the Meetin' House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be pius in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin, I'm 'fraid I shall continner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyusly in many thrillin' scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komic paper" wouldn't never be inriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin' adoo to Jefferson D., I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin' on a fence a playin' on a banjo. "My Afrikin Brother," sed I, cotin' from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin' race. Your masters is goin' to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin' the banjo, larfin' all over, and openin' his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerble life was the scaliest, rickytist lookin' lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin' man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, an' lookin' very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I anserd. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff. Davis, Bouregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobeard, Munro Edards, the Devil, Mrs. Cunningham, and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war, and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years."

"War to the knife!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgernal with me. Them words was was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. His Mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin' to have a spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, and proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally observed by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back part of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Secesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin' for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offerd her my blanket.

"Father livin'?" I axed.

"Yes, sir."

"Got any uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!"

She slept as secoorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with 'ary snore.

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works."

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers," sez I, a gittin' up and takin' orf my Shappoo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin' dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sledstake, dyin' in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senator Benjamin's law offiss. I'm goin' up North to steal sum spoons and things for the Sathern Army."

This was satisfactry, and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo, and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin' and this hunk of gingerbred!" I sed. She thankt me muchly, and tript galy away.—There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm 'fraid I shall allers give aid and comfort to the enemy if he comes to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't git orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin' the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated. * * * *

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as tho a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, axed him if his wife and little ones was so's to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin' fire crackers bein' tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin' kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got acrost Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she with whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certain black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swounding myself.

No more to day from yours for the Perpetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.—*Vanity Fair.*

Valuable Recipes.—To make a nice jam—lay your head under a descending pile driver!

To see if a man is your friend—make love to his wife.

To get the frost out of your fingers—put them in hot water!

To keep yourself warm in bed—set it on fire!

To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you!

To see how hard a man strikes—tell him he lies.

To keep your poor relatives from troubling you—commit suicide!

To keep from being dry—stand out in the rain!

To do away with spectacles—put your eyes out!

To see if a girl loves you—ask her like a man!

To tell if you love a girl—have some tallow headed chap go and see her.

An Infant Logician.—A graduate of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"Ann says that the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it grandpa?"

"Don't ask me that question, you must find it out for yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons like search, she ran into the study.

"I've found out; the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were!"

An Indian's Shrewdness.—At an early stage in the proceedings of the Erie and New York Central Railroad, while the directors were negotiating with the chiefs for the land around Jemison Hill, the colonel and others had made some strong speeches depicting the worthlessness of the land and enlarging considerably upon the fact that it was good for nothing for corn, and consequently should be leased very low. When the colonel sat down the old chief replied in the Seneca tongue to the interpreter, to the effect that he "knew it was poor land for corn; *but mighty good land for railroad!*" The force of this remark will be fully appreciated when it is known that the little strip of land around Jemison Hill was the only possible place for a railroad that did not involve the building of two expensive bridges across the Alleghany.

Breach of Promise and Poetry.—In an English breach of promise case, the following evidence was put in by the plaintiff, against the defendant:—

"Eliza Crocker, my dear,
I love you, dear, true, and sincere
I cannot express my mind,
But my heart is truly thine.

"I tell you as plainly as man can speak,
I love you as true as my life;
And I shall never be easy, my dear,
Until you become my wife.
If you object to me, I'll never ask woman again,
For one year, two or ten."

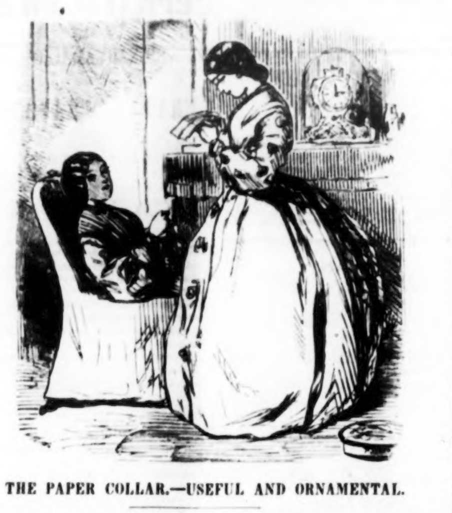
The fellow had to pay $1,500—partly for breaking his promise, and partly for perpetrating bad poetry.

A Polite Man.—The Duke of Ormond, who was a true pattern of politeness, was visited a few months before his death by a German baron, who was also one of the politest men of his country. The duke feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair, when, turning toward the baron, he said, "Excuse me, sir, if I should make some grimaces in your presence, for my physician tells me that I am at the point of death." "Ah, my duke," replied the baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under the least restraint on my account." This may be emphatically called "running it—politeness—into the ground."

Wives in India.—A missionary lady, writing to friends in England, mentions many sad things about the state of women and wives in India. Among other things, she says:—"A wife is not thought worthy even to take her husband's name into her lips. She may call him 'lord,' 'master,' or the 'father of her son,' but his name she must never mention. One day one of my mother's servants, an Ayah, was taken ill. She was a very pretty young woman, and as much loved by her husband as Bengalee wives usually are; yet he refused to get a doctor for her, saying to the poor dying girl, 'The money I should now waste on you will pay for my marriage-feast when I marry your successor.' Three months after that, his new wife was brought home."

☞ The power of dreams forces the infinite into the chambers of a human brain, and throws dim reflections from the eternities upon the mirrors of the sleeping mind.

☞ All people are fond of salt, but Lot was wedded to it.



THE PAPER COLLAR.—USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Clara (reads).—"Excuse, dearest, the paper upon which I write—I have not my desk with me, so I send you these hurried lines on one of my collars."

THE BEGGAR BOY.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

I

When I was a beggar y boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And built, with a roof of gold,
My beautiful Castles in Spain.

II

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more Castles in Spain.

A BRIEF PASTORAL CHARGE.

I charge you—my young brother, to take care of your body. Eat nothing which does not agree with your digestive apparatus—masticate it well—take regular and sufficient exercise daily—go to bed at ten o'clock, P. M., and rise at six o'clock, A. M.,—and maintain "a prudent, cautious self-control" over your animal passions.

I charge you—to take care of your *Mind.* Discipline and furnish it daily. "Let the word of God dwell in you richly with all wisdom." Make continual and choice additions to your stores of knowledge—otherwise, constantly pouring out as you will be called to do, "your barrel will soon run emptyings."

I charge you—to take care of your *Heart.* Keep it with all diligence. Be watchful and prayerful. Unless the principle of grace implanted within you is kept vigorous and thriving, you will not be happy in your sacred calling, nor successful in it, nor be a fit example to Christians, in charity, in faith, and purity.

I charge you—to take care of your Doctrine. Let it be that which was once delivered unto the saints—preserve it uncorrupt—faithfully preach it, in season, out of season—contend earnestly for it—and see that your flock be rooted and grounded in it.

Taking this course—keeping your body under subjection, stocking your mind with precious furniture, keeping your heart right in the sight of God, and your doctrine according to Divine revelation;—and having it drop in public and private, in the sanctuary and from house to house, "as the rain upon the grass, and as the dew upon the tender herb"—you will make full proof of your ministry, and when the Chief Shepherd appears, will receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.
—*Religious Herald.*

Agricultural.

Manufacture of Currant Wine.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Commence to gather your currants as soon as they are generally ripe, and as you gather, spread them upon paper in a room admitting of a free ventilation, so that the fruit may not become mouldy before you have finished picking. When you have thus secured the main crop, you may commence wine-making, reserving the remainder of the fruit for preserves, or bottling for winter use. Prepare your vat—which is best constructed larger at the bottom than at the top, so as to offer no obstruction to the falling of the head during fermentation—by filling in, crosswise, cuttings of currant bushes, so that they may rise a few inches above the aperture from which the fermented liquor is intended to be drawn; then, after putting a little water at the bottom of your boiler to prevent the fruit from burning, fill it up with fruit, and, stirring occasionally, boil for half an hour, and empty into the fermenting vat, repeating the operation until the vat is nearly full; as soon as this boiled mass of fruit has cooled to the temperature of new milk, cover your vat with a blanket; probably fermentation will commence within twenty-four hours, and continue for a few days, when the head formed of the husks and stalks of the fruit will have formed a compact mass at the top, and begin to separate; the fermented liquor is now to be drawn off through a wire sieve into tubs and mixed with a good quality of unrefined sugar in the proportion of two pounds to each gallon of liquor; then fill your casks, leaving the bung loose, placing a dish beneath the cask in a proper position to catch the yeast as it works out; fill up occasionally with cold water, so as to keep your cask full to the bung-hole; after a few weeks, when the fermentation appears to have subsided, draw off your wine carefully from the bottoms, adding one pound of sugar for each gallon of wine, and a quart of alcohol to every forty gallons, to check fermentation; after three or four months' time, rack off your wine again, adding to each barrel three pounds of prepared chalk, which will act as finings, and will, with due care, prevent your wine from running into the acetous fermentation. Sound wines may thus be produced from various kinds of fruit, and if the process is carefully conducted, will improve by age, and acquire a fulness of flavor unsurpassed by any imported wines.

In the following spring you will observe that a secondary fermentation takes place. When this has subsided, your wine will have attained an additional excellency, and be ready for bottling, increasing in delicacy of flavor as it advances in age.

It is, however, necessary occasionally to taste your wines, and if they become acid through excess of the fermenting process, to neutralize this acidity by adding a sufficient proportion of sugar and prepared chalk.

C. E. ASHBY, M. D.

Winslow, Illinois.

Receipt for Horses that are Bad Feeders.—I offer to your readers a receipt for causing horses to "feed," that usually refuse their corn after a hard day with hounds, or are otherwise bad and delicate feeders. I believe it to be a remedy very little known—a simple and most efficacious one. The groom from whom it originated (a very clever fellow) thought most highly of it, kept it a most profound secret, and was only induced to part with his favorite nostrum at a guinea. Procure a small quantity of the herb called rue; bind this round the bit of the bridle, with a piece of good twine, so that the horse may champ on it during the time he is out. Allow him to drink a little water (say twice or three times during the day, as opportunity offers); a few "go-downs" will suffice, just sufficient to wash the saliva into the stomach, and also after returning home before the bridle is taken out. It acts as a good tonic, and generally, if not always, has the desired effect.—Invalid, *in the Field.*

Iron in Plants.—M. Eugene Risler maintains that iron plays a principal part in the nutrition of plants; he shows that in the roots, seeds, and white portions it exists as a protoxide, while in the green portions it is in the form of a peroxide. Expose vegetables to air and light, and the protoxide becomes a peroxide with a rapidity proportioned to the intensity of light. The chlorophyll is green because it combines the two oxides, blue and yellow; and they form a voltaic pair, which decomposes water, and the carbonic acid held in solution, the carbon and hydrogen entering into the organism. Nocturnal nutrition is oxidation; diurnal nutrition is deoxidation; and the vegetable tissue is formed like the weaver's, night being the warp, day the woof, with the iron of the chlorophyll to serve as the shuttle.

Salt for Cabbages.—Edward Carpenter, a correspondent of the Pennsylvania Farmer and Gardener, last year tested the value of salt on cabbages, and with satisfactory results. After planting out his cabbages, he watered them some two or three times a week with salt water, containing about 15 grains of salt to the pint. The cabbages grew beautifully, and headed up very finely; while those which had no salt water given them produced loose, green heads, which were unfit for any other purpose than boiling. Rain-water was given at the same time, and in the same quantities, as the salt water. He does not know how strong a solution of salt the cabbages would bear without injury, but is fully satisfied that a solution no stronger than that he used, is decidedly beneficial.

A SENSIBLE WAY TO GET MORE FOOD.

The Homestead, published at Hartford, has the following among several excellent articles, on the means of producing food:

"Another item in securing more food, is more manure. The last shovelfull that can be gathered from the yards, stables, sties and privies should be used. In addition to this, we can safely buy Peruvian guano, Coe's superphosphate of lime, and perhaps some other brands; bone dust, wood ashes, and other concentrated fertilizers, if we can get them from responsible parties. These can be used in the hill, or as top-dressing during the growth of the crops. Farmers who make the most stable manure and compost, are most likely to buy these concentrated fertilizers. The only kind of farming which pays on our exhausted soils, is that which feeds the land generally with plant food. There is a strong temptation to buy manure this year, for prices for food will undoubtedly rule high next fall.

* * * * * * * *

"There is also an opportunity to increase food, by top-dressing pastures and meadows. The reason of the barrenness of so many of our pastures, is the fact that they have never received any care. Cows have been kept in them during the day, and full one-half of the manure made from the grass is dropped in the yard, or by the way-side. They have been systematically robbed for a century. If these pastures could be top-dressed with some of the concentrated fertilizers, especially with bone dust, they would recover their fertility, and again make the products of the dairy abundant.

"Many of the meadows that now yield a ton of hay or less, can be made to double their crops by the same process. With hay at twenty dollars a ton, farmers have a pretty strong motive to get three tons to the acre. More manure makes more hay, and more hay, more food for man and beast."

Potatoes.—It is perhaps not generally known that the finest, mealiest, and most nutritious potatoes are always denser and heavier than those which are soft and waxy. An English inventor has taken advantage of this to select the best by what he calls a "Patent Gravity Potato Selecter." In order to classify potatoes into three qualities he uses two solutions, one of a specific gravity of 1.100 and one of 1.080. Only the best potatoes will sink in the first; the medium potatoes will sink in the second, while the poor ones will float on the surface.

Useful Receipts.

To Make Rhubarb Wine.—To one gallon of water, add four pounds of ripe rhubarb, thoroughly bruised; let it stand in the tub four days; stir it frequently; then strain it; to one gallon of liquor put four pounds of good coffee sugar, the juice of one, and the peel of one-half a lemon; to every ten gallons, one ounce of isinglass and one pint of brandy; put in a cask; after the fermentation is over, bung it tight; let it stand one year or more, and then bottle it for use. If kept three or four years, it will sparkle like champagne.

Cheap Ginger Beer, or "Pop."—Put into any vessel, one gallon of boiling water, one pound of common loaf sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, or else a lemon sliced. Stir them up until the sugar is dissolved, let it rest until about as warm as new milk, then add one tablespoonful of good yeast, poured on to a bit of bread put to float on it. Cover the whole over with a cloth, and suffer it to remain undisturbed twenty-four hours; then strain it, and put it into bottles, observing not to put more in them than will occupy three-quarters of their capacity, or, as we usually say, three-quarters full. Cork the bottle well, and tie the corks, and in two days, in warm weather, it will be fit to drink. If not to be consumed till a week or a fortnight after it is made, a quarter of the sugar may be spared. The above quantity of ingredients will mak eighteen bottles, and cost tenpence.—*English Paper.*

To Destroy Caterpillars.—Boil together a quantity of rue, wormwood, and any cheap tobacco (equal parts,) in common water. The liquid should be very strong. Sprinkle it on the leaves and young branches every morning and evening during the time the fruit is ripening.

Waterproof Boots.—As a rule, no new boots are waterproof; but if the leather be really good, they will soon be so, if they are used with the care we suggest, and the following mixture is well rubbed into them, with the hand, when they are perfectly dry; 6oz. of beeswax, 1 pint of boiled linseed oil, 8oz. of mutton suet, and 4oz. of rozin; the wax, suet and rosin, to be boiled till they are amalgamated, when the oil may be added. Boots fastened by buttons are not so convenient as those which are laced; because the degrees of tightness can be regulated in the one but not in the other.

To Prepare Mutton Hams.—We copy the following receipt from the London Field: One-quarter of a pound of saltpetre to half a pound of raw brown sugar; make them very hot and rub into legs of mutton over night. Next morning salt them with common salt. Let the mutton lay about a week, move it over, and rub in fresh salt, and let it remain another week in pickle. Then hang it up to dry. When dry, keep it in canvas bags to prevent being fly-eaten. N. B.—Do not let the mutton lay in the wet brine, but place something under to raise them from the wet or dropping that will fall from them.

Trees.—Mr. Ruskin has been lecturing on tree vegetation and tree twigs. He says, in the growth of every tree the operations of weaving and mining are always going on. For every shoot upward a corresponding rootlet grows downward. Every leaf has a volition of its own, whereby it is enabled to seek light and warmth. The venetian school of painters, especially Titian, was remarkable for the accuracy of its foliage drawing.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 19, 31, 50, 12, 22, 41, 28, 6, 38, is a most useful invention.

My 14, 34, 43, 25, 8, 5, is a delicious fruit.

My 30, 20, 3, 45, 49, 16, 26, is the home of my whole.

My 52, 39, 23, 40, 11, 33, is a reptile.

My 47, 32, 15, 35, 44, 24, is a division of Europe.

My 48, 42, 10, 36, 46, 13, is better than rubies.

My 37, 2, 21, 29, 9, is a demonstrative pronominal adjective.

My 4, 7, 18, is a kind of bird.

My 17, 27, 51, we do mostly by day.

My 1, 42, 8, is a metal.

My whole appeared, for the first time, in the United States, in the year 1860. RELTUB.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I cannot walk, I'm made to crawl,
My humble first doth say;
And in the damp and icy ground,
I must forever stay.

My second is of greatest use
To mankind here below,
And in this age of wonders great,
Is seen where'er you go.

My whole is bitter to the taste,
Though oft it brings a cure,
And though its name is rottenness,
It makes the blood flow pure.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in peace, but not in war;
My second is in hoard, but not in store;
My third is in sting, but not in pain;
My fourth is in wet, but not in rain;
My whole has been seen by some,
Yet it will never, never come.

WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One of the Himalaya range.
A group in the Indian Ocean.
An Island in North America.
To signify a graduate.
A leader during the Revolution.
A town in Illinois.
To seize or possess without right.
A river in France.

My initials form a town in the old world; my finals, place of situation. S. LAIRD.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Geren! going to wash.
Honor est a nilo.
Claims Arthur's seat.
He rent rye pons.
No, appear not at Elba.
A just master.
Jack's drawn one.
Truly he'll see war. S. S. LAIRD.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sportsman shot a hawk which was flying at the rate of 10 miles an hour, when it was directly over his head, and it struck the ground 60 feet from him. Required—the height of the hawk from the ground when it was shot, and the nature of the curve it described in falling?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a bowl in form of the segment of an oblong spheroid, whose axes are to each other in the proportion of 3 to 4, the depth of the bowl one-fourth of the whole transverse axis, and the diameter of its top 20 inches. It is required, to determine what number of glasses a company of ten persons would have in the contents of it, when filled, using a conical glass, whose depth is 2 inches, and the diameter of its top an inch and a half. ROLLIN SMITH.

Cumberland Valley, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is an appropriate tree to plant at a distance from one's house? Ans.—A fir tree.

☞ Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow? Ans.—Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.

☞ What is the difference between two sisters named Charlotte Ann and Ann Eliza? One is a quack and the other a chemist. How so? Why, the former is a "charlatan," and the latter an "analyzer."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"Our liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain."—*Motto of Iowa.* CHARADE—Friendship. RIDDLE—Letter R.

Answer to Henry E. Strede's GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published February 23rd.—The first has travelled 340 18-100 yards; the second, 680 36-100 yards; the third, 1020 54-100 yards.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL QUESTION by Daniel Diefenbach, published March 2nd.—Length of diagonal, 1,346 46-100 perches; areas, 5,026 acres 11 poles, and 9,851 acres 15 poles. Or the following is a correct answer—length of diagonal, 2,730 perches; areas, 8,872 acres 2 roods; and 17,380 acres 16 poles.

North Farmington, Mich. N. P. BLAKESLEE.

Answer to Thomas H. Patton's TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, published May 11th.—The distance from the bottom of the wall was 102.46 feet.

Answer to S. C. Hope's PROBLEM, of same date, $26.5078. R. BARTO.

Elwood, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

A. P. S., *Fallsington, Pa.*, sends $26.0308, as answer to S. C. Hope's PROBLEM; and Thomas Hayes Patton, *Lancaster Co., Pa.*, gives $26.039.

☞ In the game of life men most frequently play the knave, and women the deuce.